

NATO agrees to withdraw from Malta

BY OUR FOREIGN STAFF

NATO announced last night that it was withdrawing its Mediterranean headquarters from Malta, in accordance with the wishes of the Maltese Government.

A NATO statement said the headquarters were being resited elsewhere, but military planners had not yet decided on a new location.

The decision came as negotiations between Malta and Britain over renegotiation of the defence agreement reached a crucial stage. NATO sources in Brussels said that, although they were obviously connected, the alliance was treating the Malta-British negotiations as a separate affair.

The future of the NATO headquarters on Malta has been uncertain since the island's newly-elected Labour Premier, Dom Mintoff, was reported to have expelled the NATO commander, Admiral Gino Bordini, from the island last June. In spite of the withdrawal, the alliance is contributing to the new financial offer put by the British Government to Mr Mintoff. If accepted, the new offer will enable Britain to maintain a military presence on the island.

From Mr Mintoff's point of view some elements of this package will be either disappointing or offensive to his acute sense of Maltese dignity and sovereignty. His public speeches during the recent election campaign make it clear that he regards cash payments as the proper form of payment for the use of military facilities. The £5 million offered would be subscribed by Britain for the larger part, with some contributions from other NATO powers. But the two other parts of the package both appear to be tied aid, and this is anathema to Mr Mintoff. In political terms, it confronts him with the prospect of having to eat his own words at the very point where his new Parliament is assembling for him to meet for the first time.

The NATO statement said: "The Government of Malta has made known to the North Atlantic Council that it desires to alter the existing relationship between Malta and NATO. After consultation with the Government of Malta, NATO has decided that it will respect the wishes of the Government of Malta."

The Defence Planning Committee has given instructions to the NATO military authorities to start the necessary preparation for the transfer of NATO's activities elsewhere. As soon as a decision has been taken, the Defence Planning Committee, concerning the future location of these activities, a further announcement will be made.

The new NATO Mediterranean headquarters is almost certainly to be Naples in Southern Italy, where the Alliance already has a base. NATO has had a contingency plan for some time and this will be brought into action now that the base in Malta has to be evacuated.

There were suggestions within NATO about four years ago that the base should be transferred to Naples, but this move was overruled because of a desire not to offend the Maltese Government. But a faction within the alliance has continued to insist that there is no military need for a base on the island.

Patrick Keating, Diplomatic Correspondent, writes: "Mr Mintoff has given the British Government an interim reply to the package proposals for the use of military facilities on the island. Reply apparently couched in prickly terms, is now being studied by Mr Heath and his senior Ministers, who are remaining on call through the weekend."

What it amounts to is that Mr Mintoff finds himself unable to give a yes or no to the complex and deliberately fuzzy package which has been handed to him with the compliments of Whitehall and Britain's NATO partner. The Mintoff ultimatum, which threatened the expulsion of British troops if no agreement is reached, has been put forward to an unspecified day next week.

Whitehall's reply to Mr Mintoff is ingeniously indefinite, so that it is impossible for the recipients to give an immediate cash answer. The package is made up of £5 million a year in cash payment for the use of land, sea, and air facilities, £3.5 million in British development



Mr Joe Cahill (left), leader of the Provisional Branch of the IRA in Ulster, at the conference in Belfast yesterday with left to right, Mr Paddy Kennedy, a Republican MP at Stormont, Mr John Kelly, and Mr John Flanagan. (Report, back page)

Army's claim in Ulster meets with incredulity

From HAROLD JACKSON in Belfast

A week of tragedy in Northern Ireland ended yesterday verging on farce.

The much-sought chief of the Provisional IRA in Belfast gave a press conference at the same time as the army chief of staff was telling reporters that the IRA had suffered a major defeat. The tone of the army's claims was also at stark variance with that of an angry statement put out by the Prime Minister, Mr Brian Faulkner, in response to Thursday's pronouncement by his opposite number in the South.

Not least of the oddities of Mr Joe Cahill's appearance on behalf of the Provisionals was that he was accompanied by a Catholic member of the police authority, Mr John Flanagan, which even the most case-

hardened reporter would find hard to imagine outside Ireland.

It was undoubtedly a piece of derring-do by Mr Cahill, who admitted that his forces were hard-pressed, but it heightened the incredulity brought on by Brig. Marston Tickell's assessment of the situation.

For the moment, the exchange of fire was kept at the non-fatal level of political slanging, not least because heavy rain, combined with general weariness, seems to have dampened the immediate ardour of the rioters.

Mr Faulkner plainly regarded Mr Lynch's exhortation as a stab in the back and made no bones about saying so. "Mr Lynch now clearly commits himself and his Government to support by political means what the IRA seeks to achieve by violent means—the overthrow of the Northern Ireland Government. It is now time to expose for what it is the cant and hypocrisy of the attitude of Mr Lynch's Government to the illegal army which is now engaged in murderous battle with British troops."

Wondering if the Republican

Prime Minister's words were compatible with a decent relationship between neighbouring States, Mr Faulkner hit back about the tacit acquiescence in terrorism of the South.

"It enjoys by and large in the Irish Republic a safe haven and an atmosphere of approval in which, for example, courts all too frequently turn a blind eye towards blatantly illegal activity."

He was also angry about Mr Lynch's attack on the reforms carried out by Stormont and promised a White Paper to detail precisely what had been achieved by way of constructive changes.

"I will be happy to set that against the legislative record of Mr Lynch's Government in Dublin," he said.

The proposal to set up some sort of council with equal representation for both factions was, to Mr Faulkner, "seeking the end of ordinary democratic parliamentary government here."

Ulster alone, apparently, was not to be trusted with one man, one vote.

He referred to the reform of

Stormont procedure which he had suggested to give the Opposition a greater say in preparing legislation—a proposal, though Mr Faulkner did not spell this out, which the Catholics have spurned.

"To the minority in Northern Ireland," Mr Faulkner continued, "I say that Mr Lynch's blatant attempt to use you as a political pawn will not deter me in any way from my determination to ensure a full part in our affairs for all who are prepared to accept their responsibilities as well as assert their rights."

It was good fighting stuff, but seemed to conflict in its basic assumptions with the apparently bland view of the present situation taken by the army. The Prime Minister evidently still feels under real threat, while the military expects little more than placidity from now on. There are not many who share the optimistic outlook.

Alphonse Cunningham, aged 13, has died in the Belfast Children's Hospital from injuries received when he was hit by a car accelerating away from a mob on Saturday. The car had been attacked by the mob at the junction of Falls Road and Springfield Road.

Although indirectly a victim, the boy is not being included in the official count of riot deaths.

Dublin to take a tough line

From ALAN SMITH in Dublin

The Government of the Irish Republic is now expected to take a tough stand diplomatically with Britain.

The Irish Cabinet's main worry, and it is an extremely serious one, is of the continuing threat from the three dissenting ex-Ministers who left the Government as a consequence of Mr Lynch's policy of non-intervention. These three have a very good chance of capturing popular support.

Mr Neil Blaney, based in Donegal, has been active in the Border areas. Mr Charles Haughey, the shrewdest by far of the trio, has made a formidable, if carefully worded, attack on present policy in Dublin, acting apparently independently of the other two. Mr Kevin Boland, no longer a member of Mr Lynch's party, said yesterday that Mr Lynch's statement was "insane," and "one of which the Irish people should feel thoroughly ashamed."

Mr Boland has recently been attempting to set up a new Republican party, but has so far failed to attract any significant support from the active hard-line Republicans. It is conceivable, though, that support could swing variously in the direction of the three, to the extent that Mr Lynch's position may be seriously threatened.

Mr Lynch has a majority of only six, if he includes Blaney and Boland, in the Irish Parliament, though there is overwhelming support for moderation; and if there were a

PAISLEY visits Maudling, page 5: Leader comment, page 10: History of reforms, page 11: IRA press conference, back page

serious threat that he would be brought down on the Northern issue, with a risk of allowing hard-line Republicans into office, there is every chance that the two Opposition parties would help to save him in the lobbies.

The Opposition parties have made no considered comments on the call to abolish Stormont, but their first reactions have been generally critical, especially over the manner and tone of the statement. In some cases, this may be political pique at Mr Lynch's initiative. There is little doubt that he can expect general sympathy for the substance and reasoning behind his statement.

Calls from the North for guns and, especially, for ammunition, are being relayed round. Turn to back page, col. 3

IRA suffered 'major defeat'

From SIMON HOGGART in Belfast

The British Army claimed yesterday that it had inflicted a major defeat on the IRA during and after the mass arrests made in Northern Ireland on Monday.

Brigadier Marston Tickell, Chief of Staff at army headquarters in Northern Ireland, said that soldiers had inflicted about 50 casualties on IRA members, of whom between 20 to 30 had been killed.

He said that there had been two unfortunate results of the detention and the fighting following it: first, barricades had been erected which were now being cleared away, and, secondly, people were reported to have been frightened into leaving their houses.

While we were fighting the gunmen during the first two or three days of this week it was

not easy to make every single householder feel that the RUC could protect them. In fact, they would have been safer to stay put, but this message failed to get across.

"There is no longer any need, if indeed there ever was, for any more to move, and those who have left should feel perfectly safe to come back. What is important is that anyone now who feels they are being intimidated should immediately let the police or ourselves know about it."

The defeat of the IRA, he said, had not been a defeat with a "capital D" but it had sufficed a major setback. He agreed that many of the people who had been detained or had fled would have passed their time where the tinest rumour of this might account for the immense amount of gunfire which took place on Monday and Tuesday nights.

The Brigadier's statement was received with a good deal of surprise at a press conference yesterday.

Rightly or wrongly, the credibility gap between what the army says it is doing, what it is believed to be doing, and what it is actually doing is now greater than at any time in the recent operations.

This is far from being entirely the army's fault, and in a situation where the tinest rumour can be elevated to the status of horrendous fact within hours, it would be entirely wrong to suggest that the army could have kept this credibility gap much smaller. But three important points of conflict stand out between what the military authorities and civilians believe.

1. Interim Brigadier Tickell 1 repeated the army's claim that the catch was up to "highest expectations." It is not disputed that about 70 per cent of the people on the arrest list were found, and that many of them have been engaged in Republican activity of varying kinds. But it is also clear from lists of detainees published by

Schools for refugees, page 3

ON SUNDAY

ROBERT DOUGALL

will talk about
Television
For The
Deaf

Please look and listen while he explains to you that, far more than entertainment, this is an urgent psychological need for the 1½ million people in this country deprived of their hearing—the Deaf, and the Deaf and Dumb.

BBC One Television

6.50 p.m. Sunday August 15th

Please send what you can to:

ROBERT DOUGALL

THE ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF

105 Gower Street, London, WC1E 6AH

1911—Sixty Years of Service to the Deaf—1971

Pakistani famine 'worse than Biafra'

By JOHN WINDSOR

hundreds of children were dying to death every day. East Pakistani refugee camps in India, Mr Julian Nicks, coordinator of the relief operation, said yesterday. Doctors said that the malnutrition was worse than in Biafra, the UN Children's Fund (UNICEF) had estimated that urgent feeding programme needed for two million children and mothers.

Francis's report was couched in London by the Council of British Charities on Want, Christian Aid, Oxfam, operating that vital work being held in readiness for the "greatest human need in this century" the catastrophic famine, epidemics, deaths from exposure are expected to afflict millions of the 85 million Pakistanis east of the border, when

the monsoons end early in October.

The India-Pakistan relief fund which raised £500,000 in June had been virtually exhausted, supplying the seven million refugees who crossed into India. Was left of the £1½ million November cyclone disaster fund was being kept in readiness.

Christian Aid had the largest single amount left for East Pakistan—£280,000. Only £80,000 was left in the West Bengal Fund. Oxfam had £227,000 for East Pakistan and £50,000 for West Bengal.

The amounts were pitifully inadequate. Mr Vernon Littlewood, Christian Aid's overseas secretary, was asking for more aid from the United Nations in Geneva. Food would be bought in Australia and New Zealand. The British Government's reaction had been "very helpful," Christian Aid was willing to speed £100,000 mainly on amphibious craft, depending on the outcome of a meeting of

crop has been sown: flood, war, and now foot and mouth disease had devastated the oxen used for ploughing.

Relief teams will have a heartbreaking diplomatic problem to solve before they can take food and medicine to the dying. Their greatest need is transport. UN transport resources are unlikely to be adequate, which means that the operation may be forced to rely on the West Pakistan army. Relief teams have said that to cooperate with the army would mean that food would be expropriated, and that a crisis of confidence would be created between them and those affected by famine.

Politically, the danger remains that refugees flooding across the border—expected to swell the West Bengal camps to nine millions by the end of the year—will trigger off more intense warfare, leaving thousands to starve beyond reach of help.

Colocel Douglas Gill, director of international affairs of the British Red Cross Society, and Secretary of the Disaster Emergency Committee (comprising the three Consortium charities: the Save the Children Fund, and the Red Cross), said that the Red Cross had about £100,000 left from the June appeal which raised £280,000 for each of the five charities.

It is no good going back to the public with another appeal at this stage," he said. "They responded magnificently to both appeals but I can't see them doing it again."

"Famine is almost inevitable. I don't see how it can be avoided. The limiting factor is not money, it is getting the stuff there and making sure it gets to the right people."

The British Red Cross is sending shipments of high protein foods to the Indian Red Cross.

Paris 'holiday' may herald break-up of Haiti's ruling clique

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Marie-Denise Duvalier, regarded as de facto ruler of Haiti since the death of her father, "Papa Doc", nearly four months ago, has suddenly left the Caribbean republic amid persistent reports that she has been ousted from power. As she flew out of Paris on Thursday, with her husband, Max Dominique, Haiti's Ambassador to France, officially for a "holiday," the Foreign Minister, Adrien Raymond, denied that there had been a coup d'état.

Radio advice for Bengal refugees

By RICHARD BOURNE, Education Correspondent

EDUCATION, which is about releasing initiative and learning to solve problems, tends to break down like other civilised amenities in a refugee crisis. An emergency scheme to provide educational broadcasting for the refugees camps in West Bengal, with financial aid from War on Want and expertise provided by All India Radio and the International Extension College of Cambridge, is an attempt to combat the collapse of education and institutions, strictly comparable to the food and medical assistance.

Mr Tony Dodds, of the International Extension College, is flying to Bengal tomorrow to get the scheme operational. The idea is to provide three radio sets each in 400 of the camps, and to broadcast for considered hours a day—in the former Australian camps, for both children and adults—on sub-departmental radio from hygiene to health building in a monsoon, from the basic literacy to instruction in crafts.

"What we want, as a minister, Mr. Dodds, is to give people something to do," said Mr Dodds yesterday. He has already spent three weeks visiting the camps, preparing a feasibility study. He found that in some areas the camps educational groups had been set up spontaneously, but that more was higher where this had happened.

There are plenty of human resources to draw on. At a camp some while ago it was estimated that 3,000 trained teachers had been trained by the Government. The National University teachers, who appear to be the best, are being sent to the camps. Mr Dodds said that All India Radio was likely to make available a transmitter and a studio in Calcutta, and he was confident that the Government would be prepared to prepare the programmes.

The scheme is to be firmly established, with a staff of about 40 per cent of the camp staff, and it is the first time that the Government has taken over the running of a camp. The fund will be handled by the State Cellulose Agency, which means that part of the rising cost of newspaper paper will be paid by the State. The Cabinet's decision is aimed at helping regional newspapers and weeklies with small circulations.

The amount of subsidy will be decided on by the amount of paper which the publications have consumed in the past, with the latter national dailies and magazines probably excluded altogether from aid.

"YESTERDAY afternoon while driving on the motorway I saw a car, containing a family, with their luggage stacked on the roof. A dog perhaps a year old, was put out of the car which then drove off. The poor animal tried to follow for a while but then gave up. Any further comment would have been superfluous."

Thus read a letter printed the other day in a Rome newspaper. The only comment, which might not be superfluous to a foreign reader, is that the letter, written near the Italian border, has been for the Italians. The dog, which may have been adopted as a puppy a year ago, was being dismissed as an encumbrance during the family's vacation. He can be replaced, anyhow, in the autumn.

Second item: Seventeen calves and cows died last week in the middle of Florence from heat, thirst, and strangulation. This, too, is another annual summer tale, but usually they kill horses, don't they, and usually the horses are left on the highway, not in Florence? The cattle in this story were being shipped by rail from Germany to slaughter houses in Southern Italy. When the wagon reached Florence's Campo di Marte station, it was disconnected and put on a side rail. The temperature outside was 95, inside it must have been 110. Some of the beasts buckled at the knees and were strangled by the ropes which tied them to the sides of the wagon. An anonymous telephone call finally brought the fire brigade, which could not touch the metal car because it was too hot. After spraying it and giving the survivors some water, they were allowed to continue their journey.

Marie-Denise's apparent removal is seen as a victory for the right wing inside the Government, principally the powerful Interior and Defence Ministers, Luckner Cambronne. She is said to have quarrelled with Cambronne and to have resigned last week from her post as private secretary to her younger brother, President-for-life Jean-Claude Duvalier.

Cambronne, a former Tonton Macoute chieftain, and his important right-wing allies army chief General Claude Raymond and his brother, the Foreign Minister, reportedly do not like the more liberal ideas of 30-year-old Marie-Denise and her husband. Unlike the Raymond brothers and Cambronne, the Dominiques have lived abroad for many years — outside Haiti's narrow, oppressive village-like society — and have a broader view of the world.

Technocrats It was they who managed to put a number of technocrats into Jean-Claude's Cabinet in place of some of the lackies and flatterers the old dictator had for Ministers. And it is they who have been making efforts to get a resumption of international aid for Haiti — a goal which has so far largely eluded them — and end the isolation Papa Doc's rule meant for the country.

Their departure, if it proves to be permanent, will leave the young President, a poker-faced illusion of political tranquillity protected by his formidable mother, the late dictator's widow, at the mercy of the hard-liners.

Whether they will decide to keep him in the presidential chair as a convenient figurehead whose name gives a valuable legitimacy to their power in the present Haitian context of a hereditary presidency, is hard to say.

But Haitian history is against it, in spite of Jean-Claude's bold warning in the grandiose style of his father that the country was not a playground for "petty manoeuvres" that he would be in power "throughout the last third of the twentieth century."

GEORGE ARMSTRONG

Letter from Rome

As mentioned above, this familiar summer story usually has as its victims horses, also destined for slaughter, and who are also left on the highway for days. The importer or exporter seemingly is never charged with causing cruelty or suffering. If the Italian authorities cannot forbid the shipment of live animals during the summer months, then they should require their owners to accompany their live merchandise to its destination.

STORIES of cruelty to animals in Mediterranean countries are better left to the social anthropologist to explain. But cruelty also takes forms which do not make newspaper items. The most flagrant example of this is the Italian small-farm dweller's preference for huge field dogs. Recently I had to make daily visits to a veterinarian's clinic, to accompany a 14-year-old cat with her first illness. The half-hours spent in the waiting room were agony for both of us. Most of the other patients were dogs, and almost all seemed to be crosses between German Shepherds and Eskimo Huskies. They were usually accompanied by the entire family, one of whom would literally lie down inside the doorway by the giant dog, the man or woman struggling like a Roman charioteer

who has temporarily lost control of his charging beast.

In the waiting room, the atmosphere was that of the inside of a lion-taming act, when the lions don't feel like being ferocious during a matinee. The owners encouraged their presumably sick animals to bark and snap at the others. All good child's play. Threats on my part to unleash the rattlesnake I had in the mysterious valise, did nothing to restore calm.

ONE CANNOT change native attitudes towards animals. British cruelty (the quarantine to please the pet industry; the coddling and "humanising" of dogs and cats) is another story. But when I am called upon to take over this country, the third law on my short list will be that the permissible size of an urban pet shall be determined by the square metres of the owner's flat. Last year a grown leopard which was kept on a top-floor balcony of a flat in Rome killed its caretaker.

PROGRESS report on national retro-

gression: The Italian Parliament, which even the MPs would agree has had more important things to do these past months, has passed a law which requires all public places of business to shut half a day a week, not including Sundays, and all places serving food and drink to close one full day a week, which may be a Sunday. So far, only the merchants in Florence have protested against the law, arguing that they want to stay open every weekday in order to serve the tourists and make money. But it is forbidden to do either.

Italy's postwar economic miracle was due in large part to the workers' productivity and to the go-getting, almost visionary aggressiveness of management, particularly the smaller entrepreneurs. Now, Parliament, dragging out that nineteenth-century slogan about "the sacredness of the right of the worker to weekly repose," has succeeded in closing all Italian cities and villages on the weekends, increasing unemployment, reducing earnings, and cutting off necessary services to Italians and tourists. And it is for the entire year.

Until last month, Saturday afternoon was the time when most people were freer to shop. Now Italy has achieved what is known here as the *sabato inglese*, a foreign affliction, introduced as a social progress, and which could prove to be mortally to tourism. Countries such as the United States, where tourism counts for nothing, still allow restaurants and stores to remain open 24 hours a day if they like. Obviously, the United Nations should investigate the slave labour used there to keep those places open.

Takeover trouble in Chile

By JO BERESEFORD

The most damaging industrial dispute in Chile since the 15 months of the November ended yesterday as 4,700 miners at the El Salvador, the country's third largest copper mine, returned to work.

The miners went on strike on August 1 when negotiations over labour contracts for the next 15 months broke down. The Government's refusal to improve on its final offer to increase pay by 38 per cent.

President Allende pointed out to the miners yesterday that they were jeopardising the programme of the Government of Popular Unity. The miners then accepted the Government's original offer of 33 per cent together with a small bonus payable immediately. Loss of production is estimated at more than \$4 millions.

The strike of technicians at Chuquibambilla, the largest mine, which began on Wednesday could be even more expensive. The men came out after the Government had made three key appointments on what the technicians considered purely political grounds. They have threatened not to return to work until the appointments are revoked.

Even if it agrees the Government may find it difficult to produce alternative candidates. Since Chile nationalised her copper mines on July 11 managerial difficulties have been preoccupying the Government. Unions foreign staff are recruited to accept the resignation of party splits had increased to eight the parties in the coalition.



Africans rush to greet Negro Congressman Charles Diggs outside the American Embassy in Pretoria

Negro visitor accuses Vorster of cowardice

From STANLEY UYS: Cape Town, August 13

Mr Charles Diggs, the Negro United States Congressman, who nearly cancelled his nine-day visit to South Africa last night because he was told he could not visit South-West Africa, said at a press conference in Pretoria today that Mr Vorster's Government "just did not have the guts" to say straight out that he could not travel in South-West Africa without a Government escort.

Mr Diggs, chairman of the House of Representatives foreign affairs subcommittee on Africa, accused the South African Government of having "interposed an objection" to his proposed visit to the South-west.

The Department of Foreign Affairs said today that the US Embassy in Pretoria had been made aware of the position a week before Mr Diggs's arrival, but when Mr Diggs arrived at Johannesburg and was told for the first time, he reacted angrily. He decided to cancel his trip and to leave South Africa immediately. The US Embassy informed the Department which put out a statement saying Mr Diggs was leaving.

mind. He arrived in Cape Town this afternoon, and will fly to Durban tomorrow. He is seeing white and nonwhite leaders in all three cities.

The Department pleads that if it had been given sufficient notice it would have arranged a visit to South-West Africa for Mr Diggs. Obviously it would prefer him not to wander around this territory unescorted.

Two of the most influential Church leaders in the territory, Bishop Auma, the Evangelical Lutheran Ovambo-Evangelical Church, and Moderator Paulus Gwosob, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, last month demanded independence for the region. The two Churches claim to represent more than half the indigenous inhabitants. Mr Vorster is to meet the two men in Winhoek next week when he opens a Nationalist Party Congress there.

Mr Diggs's presence in South-west Africa at this moment would be most untimely. Internationally the situation is far too tricky for the South African Government to take any chances.

Indonesian rebuff

Indonesia's Foreign Minister, Mr Adam Malik, criticised Amnesty International yesterday for sending a memorandum to President Suharto about the fate of 70,000 political prisoners in Indonesia. "We are humane enough to treat our

own people well and I think outsiders need not meddle with our affairs," Mr Malik said.

The memorandum called on Indonesia to review its policy on political prisoners, mostly Communists rounded up shortly after the Communist coup attempt in 1965.

Far East plant for air firm?

By our Foreign Staff

A British aircraft company is considering starting an aircraft maintenance and manufacturing factory in Singapore. Mr Desmond Norman, one of the joint managing directors of Britten-Norman, Ltd., the Isle of Wight firm which makes the successful Islander aircraft — is now in Singapore discussing plans to build over the old RAF station as the site for a factory.

According to the Singapore newspaper "New Nation," negotiations to buy 250,000 square feet of space at the Seletar RAF station are to begin soon with the Singapore Government, which is keen to start an aircraft industry. The negotiations follow the failure of an earlier deal with the US Grumman company, which withdrew because of the depressed state of its home aircraft industry.

The Britten-Norman plan would be to start with civil and military maintenance contracts and later to build its own planes for sale to local and foreign airlines. "New Nation" says. The company already builds its Islander aircraft at a plant in Bournemouth, as well as at Bournemouth, Isle of Wight.

Mr John Britten, the other joint managing director, said yesterday at Bournemouth that it was "very early days yet. We are mainly interested in a sales base and perhaps in maintenance. We have looked at various countries in the Far East."

He added that before aircraft could be built, the firm would have to have a substantial production run. "We think the market for our planes in the Far East is quite big. A local presence would help and there are advantages in setting up local assembly lines."

Ex-minister loses nationality

The Greek Government yesterday deprived a former Minister, Mr Andreas Papanastasiou, of his Greek nationality because of his activities abroad against the regime.

Mr Papanastasiou, son of a former Greek Prime Minister, Mr George Papanastasiou, left Greece in January, 1968, — Reuter.

£3M grant for press

From our Correspondent

The Italian Cabinet last week granted a subsidy of £3,320,000 to Italian newspapers and news agencies. The grant, which must be approved by Parliament, was only brought to light yesterday.

It was referred to, in the House of Commons, by the Minister of State for Italy, Mr. John Gorton, in a statement. The fund will be handled by the State Cellulose Agency, which means that part of the rising cost of newspaper paper will be paid by the State. The Cabinet's decision is aimed at helping regional newspapers and weeklies with small circulations.

The amount of subsidy will be decided on by the amount of paper which the publications have consumed in the past, with the latter national dailies and magazines probably excluded altogether from aid.

TELEVISION

BBC-1

- 10.25 a.m. Nai Zindagi-Naya Iqbal.
- 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion: St. Winifred, Gunwalloe.
- 11.00 a.m. Farming.
- 11.15 a.m. Made in Britain: Scrap or Sale.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. Athletics — European Championships — Finals Day.
- 12.00 a.m. Life at Large: Avalanche.
- 12.15 a.m. Ken Dodd and the Diddy.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. The Eighties: Art.
- 1.00 a.m. Robert Douglas appeals for television for the Deaf.
- 1.15 a.m. In the Beginning: The Laws of the Lord.
- 1.30 a.m. Show Jumping from Hickstead: British Jumping Derby.
- 1.45 a.m. Film of the Week: "The Spiral Road" with Rock Hudson, Burt Ives.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. Omnibus at the Proms: "Where Boulez conducts Debussy and Stravinsky."
- 2.30 a.m. Weather.
- 2.45 a.m. Wales (as BBC-1 except) — 2.55 a.m. Rugby: New Zealand v. British Lions.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. 10.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 3.55 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.
- 5.30 a.m. News.
- 5.45 a.m. News.
- 6.00 a.m. News.
- 6.15 a.m. News.
- 6.30 a.m. News.
- 6.45 a.m. News.
- 7.00 a.m. News.
- 7.15 a.m. News.
- 7.30 a.m. News.
- 7.45 a.m. News.
- 8.00 a.m. News.
- 8.15 a.m. News.
- 8.30 a.m. News.
- 8.45 a.m. News.
- 9.00 a.m. News.
- 9.15 a.m. News.
- 9.30 a.m. News.
- 9.45 a.m. News.
- 10.00 a.m. News.
- 10.15 a.m. News.
- 10.30 a.m. News.
- 10.45 a.m. News.
- 11.00 a.m. News.
- 11.15 a.m. News.
- 11.30 a.m. News.
- 11.45 a.m. News.
- 12.00 a.m. News.
- 12.15 a.m. News.
- 12.30 a.m. News.
- 12.45 a.m. News.
- 1.00 a.m. News.
- 1.15 a.m. News.
- 1.30 a.m. News.
- 1.45 a.m. News.
- 2.00 a.m. News.
- 2.15 a.m. News.
- 2.30 a.m. News.
- 2.45 a.m. News.
- 3.00 a.m. News.
- 3.15 a.m. News.
- 3.30 a.m. News.
- 3.45 a.m. News.
- 4.00 a.m. News.
- 4.15 a.m. News.
- 4.30 a.m. News.
- 4.45 a.m. News.
- 5.00 a.m. News.
- 5.15 a.m. News.</

All the world's a folk song

Alan Lomax, who thinks he's 'hit on the origins of humanity,' talks to Geoffrey Cannon



ALAN LOMAX

ALAN LOMAX waited for the moment when the sparse blue movie house audience was silent, attending to a climactic moment on screen. Then his deep and penetrating Texas voice rumbled out of the considerable husk and hung in the smoke for what seemed a very long time. "You may not know it, but it can't be done that way. I know. I've tried it and it can't be done." I shrunk down in my seat, in no doubt that the 13 or so solitary men in front of us, who really were wearing macintoshes, would come swarming over the seats and murder me. I sat in the front row, and I was the only one of the places in New York where you keep yourself to yourself. "You may not know it, but it can't be done that way. I know. I've tried it and it can't be done." I shrunk down in my seat, in no doubt that the 13 or so solitary men in front of us, who really were wearing macintoshes, would come swarming over the seats and murder me. I sat in the front row, and I was the only one of the places in New York where you keep yourself to yourself.

It had been a spectacular day. After leaving his flat in the low 100s, on the West Side, within Spanish Harlem, he burst into his local eating house, where he had a regular table, and out of the rain it was the kind of place where each small table has a plastic stick-book for the jukebox, and where the room is narrow and deep, like a railway carriage, and when you come in the people at the tables look up slowly from non-English conversations. Lomax hailed the owner, wrote a cheque, clapped the owner on the shoulder, got his money for the week, and then into a taxi. On to a Greek meal, where we talked and drank and talked and drank, and the waiter replaced any food Lomax thought I didn't like. Then, talk, in the street, and down to 42nd Street, and you don't shake hands when you meet. Lomax: he hugs you. And kisses the ladies ceremonially, but also with personal touches.

I had thought Lomax was dead. For he started work in the fields and plantations of the South in 1933, finding songs which no one outside these fields knew of. Now, the Blues are well known to be the one art created in America by and for the people. Then, the Blues were unknown except to the blacks in the South, and to specialists. Every B & B artist black and white, owes his music to singers discovered by Lomax. And how can anyone start to make himself into a legendary figure in 1933, and still be alive?

Alan Lomax is 55 years old. His father, born on the Chisholm trail, heard the songs the settlers sang as they moved West. In 1933 Lomax was 17, and he had travelled coast to coast by 1939, obsessed by the idea, as he puts it now, that "ordinary people could be as eloquent as senators or actors." He had a regular radio programme, and later worked with Charles Parker and Ewan McColl in England, making many programmes for BBC

Radio, and establishing a formidable reputation as a communicator of rich and exciting ideas. Much later on, in 1959, he returned to the South with modern recording equipment: the result was a seven-volume series of LPs Southern Folk Heritage Series, on Atlantic, long unobtainable, featuring, among very many others, Fred McDowell, Forest City Joe, the Alabama Sacred Harp Singers, Johnny Lee Moore, and Vera Hall. Then, in the sixties, he went to ground. What has he been doing?

A small sign on the door of his flat read "Cantoethics/Choreometrics." No name. Inside, I sat down in the midst of what at first seemed muddle, which proved to be the most spectacular cornucopia of musical ideas I've ever experienced. It was a tape room, in books and magazines, on film, and most of all, in Lomax's head. "We think we've hit on the origins of humanity," he said, as lady assistants burst in and out or laced up vacuum on the 16 mm. projector behind him. "My aim is to let the whole human race see itself musically."

He later lent me his book, "Folk Song Style and Culture." Like so much of his work, it is absurdly obscure, but Lomax, despite not being shy of self-advertisement, is sure that his public work will establish itself without fanfare being needed. (The book is obtainable from the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Washington, or from the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University.) It's packed with data, and with ideas which are calmly stated, but have limitless implications.

Using over 2,000 tapes and 400 LPs of songs, collected from all over the world, Lomax is intent on establishing a taxonomy of music, measuring its nature, with the use of computers, in terms of criteria that can be measured: volume, nasality, tempo, melisma—he has 37 criteria. But this work was not done for measuring's sake, Lomax has for many years been sure, as he puts it in his book, that "song style seems to summarise, in a compact way, the ranges of behaviour that are appropriate to one kind of cultural context. If style carries this load of social content, however, song can no longer be treated as a wayward, extra, belated, though pleasant afterthought upon the serious business of living. Song presents an immediate image of a cultural matter. A matter of culture, in tune recalls to him not only some pleasant memory, but the web of relationships that makes his life possible. People live as they sing."

Looked at from this view, popular art, and music in particular, is entirely richer than high art, which, although it lasts and is created, at its best, by individual genius, exists outside a cultural context. Popular art, on the other hand, distills the culture

of the people who have made it. Properly studied, popular art holds all the secrets of a people. Yet, until Lomax, no one to his or my knowledge has tried to make a science using the folk song as the world. As he said to me, "I think I may be the Linnaeus of music."

For his method of measurement is a precise comparative tool. He gives hundreds of examples: here's one, in his words, "Spanish performance style varies in terms of the severity of prohibitions against feminine premarital intercourse. In southern Spain, where sexual sanctions were oriental in their stringency, a piercing, high-pitched, squeezed, narrow vocal delivery was cultivated which made choral performance all but impossible. North of the Pyrenees, where sexual sanctions were mild and contact between the sexes was easy and relaxed, there was a strong preference for well-blended choir singing open and low-pitched voices." Like all marvellous discoveries, this seems in a way obvious. Yet, when plotted on a graph, a song profile from one people can be used to find another, and similarities noted which could, of themselves, point to cultural connection. It could be that Lomax's methods prove more precise and predictive than history, archaeology, or even a good guess.

In the Sahara songs sound like cats mewling, Lomax said, as we went into the cantometrics section of his flat. "Because they don't cohere socially. It's similar in England, where it's difficult to train people to sing together. And what about cantometrics?"

"We've discovered a language of body movements," he went on, as a film began to roll. "We're in the process of learning what it means. No one's been in this comparative thing before." The film consisted of scores of takes, some colour, some black and white, spliced together in terms of a map of the body: showing head movement, style, shoulder movement, arm movement, and so on. "We're learning how people dispose of energy in ways which are describable in aesthetic terms," he said. You mean, I said, that one could say that people X were like people Y because each could be shown to dance in the same style? "Exactly. And you can identify the movements of a ballerina's leg in terms of the movements made in the winnowing of chaff, if the style is similar, and trace the connection back in history, for example," he said.

Later, in the restaurant, he leaned over to a lady, and said, "Do you know the most erotic part of your body?" Longish pause. "He drew a little circle in his palm. There." He took her hand, enclosing it, and drew a little circle in her palm. Later, after we parted from Lomax, she said, "I'm afraid he's quite right. I never knew."



MARCO BELLOCCHIO

On the road to Venice

by Richard Roud

TRADITIONALLY, the summer Rome is occupied by the young directors feverishly finishing up the latest work to be in time for Venice. And even though every Italian director (with the exception of Visconti, Fellini, Zurlini and de Sica) had firmly come out against Venice, many were not the less hard at getting their film ready for the end of August.

Liliana Cavani was finishing her film since "The Cannibals" ("L'Hospite"). "The Guest" is very different from her previous work being a strange mixture of documentary, fiction and fantasy. The idea of the film came to her when she attended a screening of "The Cannibals" at the Cine Club of Pistoia and discovered that the film society had invited some of the inmates (euphemistically called "guests") by the doctors and administration of a local lunatic asylum. She was particularly interested in those who had been interned by their families: years later, pronounced cured, they still languished because these families just didn't want them back. She takes the case of Anna, a woman of about 40 (played by Lucia Bosc) who is allowed to leave in care of her brother and sister-in-law. She had suffered a traumatic experience years ago when her lover accidentally killed, but now is recovering. Reintegration with society proves difficult, especially when her sister-in-law treats her as something of a freak, and her every divergence from the most bourgeois of norms considered to be a dangerous relapse. Finally, she can take it no longer, runs away to the country house where she used to live. There, an old gramophone records "Pelleas and Melisande" sets off the fantasy which dominates the whole last half of the film. Lucia Bosc stunningly reappears as the young Melisande, and the story of the opera is acted out in the gardens of the house. Pelleas is played by the young man in the various parts and moods attached. Suddenly the Maeterlinck phrases are given a new meaning: "Qui t'oi fait du mal?" asks Gola. "Tous, tous," replies Melisande for herself and for Anna. The fantasy grows ever wilder as Miss Bosc is called upon to play Pelleas's mother as well. Ultimately, of course, curtains must come down: the pot arrive and take Anna back to the asylum, this time forever.

It is always difficult to judge a film in rough cut, but never more so than with a film like this where the film's ultimate workability will depend very much on adjustments and timing of the finished version. As it stands now, the various parts and moods seem quite to hang together, maybe they will. It was felt necessary to use an actress for the principal part (and Lucia Bosc is extraordinary in three of her roles), but on the other hand, the documentary scenes in the asylum are undercut by her presence.

No one was working harder than Marco Bellocchio, whose long-awaited return to the cinema is now in works. "In Nome del Padre" is, indeed, his first feature since "China is Near" four years ago. I was able to see rough cut of the film, and I predict that his admirers will not be disappointed. More like "Fists in the Pocket" than his second film, "In the Name of the Father" even brings it back again—but not in the starry role. The years have left their mark on Bellocchio, but his film is set. The hero, the Castellan, is played by a young Franco-German who has got the cold fire of revolt in the eye. He is in fact a bright student but he has been expelled from the university for his insubordination. That this is the only place his father can think to put him.

The film begins in characteristic whirlwind Bellocchio style, the father literally pushing the boy into the school, cuffing him on the head all the while. And in fact, we are back in a surrealistic/black comedy in which "Fists in the Pocket" but, and it is important, it is no longer an analysis of life, but a political one. If Vigo had read Marcuse, so to speak, we might have gotten this view of the school. Bellocchio has chosen this subject not so much because he is trying to exercise a traumatic experience, but because it presents a great dramatic advantage of being closed world—a paragon for society which is small and compact enough to be easily handled.

Much of the wild invention "Fists in the Pocket" remains: the lecture of the missionary who had his tongue cut out by the Chinese Communists, and who talks like someone with a hairlip, with the student eagerly crowding around not to be in his words, but to try to see the stump of the amputated tongue. During a sermon on the evils of masturbation, several of the boys become so excited that they begin to masturbate in a classroom—until a statue of the Virgin comes to life and strolls down among the desks and chairs. The school's walls are covered with portraits of saints; what more natural, then, when they talk in their sleep they should do so in the tongue of the Vulgate.

It is difficult to write of the film other than impressionistically, because what I saw lasted three hours: the film cut will be about two, one cannot usefully consider construction in its shape. But Bellocchio's genius for the compulsive image, for mobile in the work, the expressive choice of faces which just manages to avoid caricature are well to the fore.

COLISEUM

Edward Greenfield

Lohengrin

SADLER'S WELLS has added to its Wagner glorification a glowing new production of "Lohengrin" at the Coliseum. No new star leaps out from this offering, as Norman Bailey did from "Mastersingers" or Rita Hunter from the "Ring" operas, but it makes a richly satisfying five hours, with Charles Mackerras allowing himself full expansiveness in the measured heartbeats of Wagner's German Andante.

But first two serious disappointments. Why did yet another Wagner opera from Sadler's Wells have to be made so ugly to look at? The high hexagons of steps may work surprisingly well as a basic platform for Colin Graham's smoothly run production, not least because they let the voices, solo and choral, ring as never before into the auditorium. But why dot them with symbolic objects that inspire oddly suburban overtones—trellises of wrought-iron curliques, a tree like a cluster of door-chimes, a skeletal swan of chromium-plated tubing and embossed wavy lines for a sky that come straight from a Thirties cinema? The costumes too (also by Michael Knight) are mostly unbecoming, mustard-coloured knitwear, a monotonous fashion in tenth century Brabant. The lighting does not help: spots from above give everyone bags under the eyes.

The other disappointment is the translation of Gordon Keeney: back to the bad old days with comically contorted syntax and banalities in the exchanges of love in Act 2 that would make a pop lyricist blush. Was there no one competent to vet the words before it was too late? The progress achieved in Andrew Porter's "Ring" translations for this company now seems in vain.

But musically there is much to satisfy, and that is what matters. Alberto Remedios as Lohengrin hits the notes cleanly and sweetly and with fine power, which is far more than you can say of most Heldenteneners. Margaret Curphey comparably powerful as Elsa, and will no doubt grow more impressive still, for once the voice was warmed up it lost the traces of curdled tone and focused splendidly. Rainmond Herincx's Telramund is still a little square of phrase, but again the voice projects well, while Ann Howard plays Ortrud impressively as a sort of vampire Carmen, most memorable. Clifford Grant as King Henry is magnificent, making one wish that Wagner had let him do more.

Over-sell RADIO by Gillian Reynolds

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY nothing wrong with putting interesting titles on programmes, except that just recently an awful lot of rather run-of-the-mill Radio 4 programmes have started turning up decked out with misleadingly jazzy names. I might instance last Sunday's "27 Million Lovers Can't be Wrong," which turned out to be a rather benign examination of the way the BBC assesses audience reaction to its programmes but which one might have assumed from the title to have had a rather jollier, less pedestrian approach to its subject than transpired.

The question of over-selling the product goes perhaps a little deeper when one comes to examine some of the new summer programmes on Radio 4. There again, there's absolutely nothing wrong with having a go, with trying to get people interested in radio as a revitalised medium by doing a little seasonal bragging about the new shows, names, and talents which radio

Only four trumpets on stage instead of Wagner's megatonic twelve, but that quiet makes the ear sizzle at appropriate moments. Mackerras' direction, finely wrought on the largest scale, is what finally draws the threads together, makes one enjoy "Lohengrin" again as a masterpiece, not so much the precursor of "The Ring" as the culmination of the Meyerheer strain.

ALBERT HALL

Meirion Bowen

Beat Music

FINISHING a rehearsal for a typically marathon prom that included about a dozen of the most taxing arias in the repertoire, Sir Henry Wood turned to the singer concerned (Clara Butt, I think), and said, "one more question: when shall I order the ambulance?" Similar remarks, I'm sure, must have been forthcoming from those attending Thursday's prom, at the Royal Albert Hall, a taxing programme almost entirely of contemporary music.

It was well planned, I hasten to add. A Bach violin concerto acted as foil to the modern works in Part One. Added to this was the prospect of hearing the redoubtable London Sinfonietta in some of their party pieces—works by Tippett, Berio, and Robert Gerhard—not to mention the whisky galore in the two long intervals.

A stage version, devised by David Pountney, Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale," also lent contrast to these concert pieces. However, this uneasy mixture of old-time music hall and travelling circus presentations proved far from ideal as a realisation of a fable whose character is essentially comic and ritualistic. The Narrator, John Malcolm, gave a highly inapposite tipsy Leonard Sachs impersonation. Roger Smalley's "Beat Music"—specially commissioned for this prom—was the high spot of the earlier part of the evening. Like the same composer's "Pulses," it owes some of its inspiration to underground pop music; and although Smalley would wish otherwise, it turned out to be an effective transplantation of rock music to the concert hall. The solo/chorus structure is easily apprehended here, but it's the complex heterophony of three instrumental groups, with electronics, going full out for lengthy periods, that comes over so powerfully. In detail, as well as in its total impact, "Beat Music" seemed to me brilliantly conceived, and was certainly riotously



review

Carphos and Remedios: Coliseum

played under the direction of David Atherton.

Tippett's "Songs for Dor" and Berio's "Lauritus II" both introduce jazz elements, but make the part of the spectrum of sophisticated musical and literary references. The boogie passages in the last of the three Dor songs are important in that they signify the urban world: Tippett is here developing further the idea of the first song—taken direct from his opera "The Knot Garden," where the homosexual-musician Dor sings it in the second act. This idea is crystallised finally in a quotation from Pasternak: "The living language of our time is urban." Thus urban music asserts itself amid a context of quotations from Schubert, Goethe, Weyl, and so on, a subtle texture of diversified instrumental and vocal styles here very capably rendered by the Sinfonietta, with Robert Tear (who created the role of Dor in "The Knot Garden") as soloist. Taut playing and, especially in the concluding part, a sense that individuals in the Sinfonietta were really living the music made a very moving experience of it.

Jazz episodes in Berio's "Lauritus II" signify the Inferno in this work written—in collaboration with Eduardo Sanguinetti—as homage to Dante. The jazz elements are meant specifically to relate Dante's inferno to the chaos of modern industrialised society. The work grows from wordless cries by solo singers (Eleanor Capp, Elizabeth Harrison, Sarah Walker) all coping with great panache in difficult vocalisations originally intended for the voices of the writers developed a real life situation about an American actress marrying a British national so she could get a work permit which I seem from the cast of the last Saturday concert to have been handed out here. "Take Three Girls." What it boils down to is that it isn't fair to anyone, writers, actors, or audience, to give them such narrow comic briefs as seems to have been handed out here.

On the other hand, there are a great many things in the BBC's summer syllabus which deserve a very warm welcome. The marvellous Viv Stanshall has turned up on Radio 4 for four weeks (only three to go) on Saturday afternoons. (Readers may remember me raving on about him in Radio 4's "Start the Week.") Not only is he highly inventive, weirdly off beat and disgustingly amusing, he sounds

QEH CONCERT

Hugo Cole

Teresa Berganza

AFTER A TERESA Berganza recital, we come away thinking of the singer rather than the music. This is partly because she chooses with great skill songs that exactly suit her voice; some of the music is perhaps chosen for that reason rather than on its merits. But the voice itself is a wonderful and rare instrument: and her use of it, within the chosen musical and emotional range, so perfect that one wouldn't have it otherwise. The songs themselves are totally clear and precisely defined; the most elaborate and rapid scales and ornamental passages are thrown off without any apparent effort, almost as if the voice was a wind instrument. And, like a great instrumentalist, she can shape an apparently untranslatable phrase, such as the refrain in Rossini's charming "Anzotto avanti la regata" so that it melts the heart of the listener.

The timbres of her voice in different registers, penetrating and steely below, birdlike above, are characteristic and don't vary much in different contexts—you can't imagine Teresa Berganza, like a leader singer, putting on acts to represent different characters or emotions; her own stage personality is constant, and is an extension of her voice.

Once, indeed, she seemed to go out of character on Thursday, in Monteverdi's "Addio Roma" and became very good indeed. A moment of something less than her true self. She is not that sort of grandly tragic heroine; but in the formalised eighteenth-century Greece of Vivaldi, Scarlatti and Pergolesi, in Granados and Falla, she was in her own element, and incomparable.

Rossini's Granados and Falla were the only composers Thursday to provide music of real weight or genius. These were small-scale versions of four of the Falla Popular Songs compared with those of Supera or Los Angeles, but wholly convincing in their way, even if reaching less than the emotional levels. Songs by Guridi and Toldra, Spanish twentieth-century composers, had that slightly second-hand Spanish flavour of much music written by those who have become too knowing in the use of the idiom. Only Falla seems to combine the directness of folksongs with the sophistication of the intellectual composer.

Felix Lavilla was the pianist. In the first half, I couldn't help thinking that

the piano is not the instrument either for eighteenth-century accompaniment or to support a voice of this particular quality. But in the Spanish songs he was an ideal accompanist, neat, light-fingered and brilliant.

TELEVISION

Peter Fiddick

Berlin Wall

"ALWAYS, ALWAYS, always tell the news through the people," was one famous Fleet Street editor's dictum. John Morgan's "This Week" report from Berlin (Thames) on the tenth anniversary of the Wall showed the bonus side of the somewhat confining dogma.

At first as we went through the flashbacks—Russian tanks, ruins, the airlift, "Ich bin ein Berliner," the East German harassment of vital supplies from the West (we'd had that bit on last week's BBC repeat of the "Zoo of the World" film on the Berlin Zoo)—it all seemed a bit familiar. Only the odd phrase like "West Germans pay one half of what it costs to keep Berlin a prosperous island of capitalism," gave the characteristic Morgan double edge.

But then he came up with an East German renegade member of the Frauleinwunder, a neatly-boned blonde with strong and regular contacts in the East. If the restrictions were lifted at all now, asked Morgan in the light of current talks between East and West, would as many young people come across as were doing so before the Wall went up? No, she said. There was now a generation with pride in East Germany, in what had been built since the war.

Going back now, she found she could engage in free discussion, with windows open, in which criticism of the regime did not frighten anyone. The point was reinforced by West Berlin theatre critic Friedrich Luft who spoke of visitors from the East who left before their time, bewildered by the fast, nervous life, by the advertising, by the importance of money among people who had more than they did.

We have, of course, no way of testing the assertions, until that state where people are apparently giving in confidence of their way of life pull down their wall and prove it. But it is good to be faced with the possibility that our easy Western assumptions may just be a lot less than fully proven.

Some of these notices appeared in late editions yesterday.

thoroughly British, by jove. I wonder if this is the first time that Radio-1 has gone talent poaching among its own networks?

The Entertainers" (now moved to Radio 2) Tuesday evenings as well as Friday mornings) has been an extremely entertaining series and last week's programme came up with an analysis by Frank Dixon of Ken Dodd's comic technique. The great thing about that is that he is not just a comedian but a business, legends and all, with rare critical gusto. On the Gracie Fields programme for instance, he didn't mince matters when it got to the bit in Gracie's history about her wartime unpopularity in this country. Similarly, with Ken Dodd, when it got to the bit about Mr Dodd's famous notebook of performance analysis he very properly pointed out that this was by no means the legend that people who had read the story over and over again might have begun to think. Mr Dixon also has a grand ear for comic

Johns 1150

Stealing a little joy

John Mosqueda reports from Los Angeles on the growing phenomenon of joyriding among American teenagers

the ro Venice

chard Roud

IONALLY, the

is occupied by

a feverish

work to be in

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

in the time

HAROLD LEVER is a man of many accomplishments. He is Labour MP for Manchester (Cheetham) but lives in London, in Eaton Square, in what has been delightfully called a seven-bath-roomed flat but is really a peazo complete with a marble hall. He calls it his Taj Mahal, but says he hasn't got a well-developed sense of luxury, and could just as well live anywhere clean and tidy. It is fair game to remark that he is a millionaire, with a young wife who has another million or two of her own, but it is also true that he has been a Labour MP a bit longer than he has been a millionaire, and that his political talents are as conspicuous as his talent for money. He has, after all, filibustered for two and a half hours on a White Fish Bill, bringing to the House's attention the essential related issues of coelocanth, which might be caught in white fish nets, and of the Queen Mary, which could of course be converted for travelling. Every bit of this width and flexibility of intellect is required for his present job, which is that of the Labour Party's front bench spokesman on the Common Market.

At the Taj Mahal, socialism and Mammon seem quite at home together, which is not all that surprising since God and Mammon have always been at home in the Lever family. Both Mr Lever's father and grandfather were successful merchants and excellent biblical scholars. The grandfather came to England from Russian Lithuania in 1911. The father made a fortune in textiles in Manchester but suffered in the 1921 slump and was down to his last £20,000.

This was, however, enough to bring up a family, and the young Harold went to Manchester Grammar School. By the age of 11 or 12 he was playing the cotton futures and was accepted by his father as a financial counsellor. It was he, says, rather a shameful precocity for a future Labour minister, in a mock election at school he stood as the Liberal candidate and was elected, but accepted this success with reluctance because, during the debate, he had been converted to socialism by the Labour candidate.

He went on to Manchester University to read law and says he must mention, in self defence, that the law school was disastrous. The lectures were a bore which he rarely attended, arranging instead with the dean's secretary a charming girl to sign him in. This device was detected, and Lever, who had not pleased the dean by doing the "Manchester Guardian" crossword in one lecture he did attend, was not allowed to present himself for honours. But he had been eating his dinners at the Middle Temple, at 21 was called to the Bar, and made £1,500 a year practising in Manchester, which he thought made him the richest man in England.

In the war he was an officer in the RAF Regiment, was due to be posted to Anzio but was kept back because he was a life and soul of the station brains trust, and made his nearest approach to active service in a billet near Bournemouth where the landlady's gorgeous niece had to go through his bedroom to get to her own. He had some restless nights, but confesses that he never seduced her.

In 1945 he turned up in Manchester as a member of the selection committee and inquired about a seat. Everything was gone except what was then Manchester (Exchange). He put himself forward, but another man was thought to have the nomination so much in his pocket that Lever almost went to the cinema instead of the selection committee. But his new wife insisted he should go, he did, and made a speech which won him a majority of the 35 or so people who composed the entire constituency Labour Party.

After the war he practised law in London, and half drifted into business, floating this company, and merging this and that. A grateful client gave him a free option on some shares at 2s, which he sold at 5s, and made £25,000 on the deal. On another deal he made £75,000, in his spare time. He soon had so much money it wasn't true: enough to live on comfortably for the rest of his life.

Meantime he was an MP. I asked how it was that so bright an MP took so long, 12 years, to achieve office of any kind. He said he would tell me.

Socialism and Mammon

THE TERRY COLEMAN INTERVIEW



picture of Harold Lever by Peter Johns

By 1948 he had £200,000 and thought it was a fortune. Then his wife died of leukaemia. He was lost in grief and melancholy, did not work, hardly went near the Commons, and played bridge from four in the afternoon to four in the morning. Others hit the bottle: he hit the bridge table. He will never forget the deep kindness shown to him by everybody in the Labour Party at this time. But by 1953 he thought he ought to "restore his fortune." He used that phrase again and again in our conversation. He applied himself, and soon had multiplied his £200,000 many times over, usually working from his girl friend's flat.

He says, "I'd no place of business. It was always a hobby with me. I've made all my money in my spare time. There's never been a week in which I've spent 10 hours on business. Never. Everybody thinks I wasn't at the House so I must have been doing business. But I'm afraid I wasn't: I was playing cards."

Was he as good a bridge player as the late Mr Macleod? Better as a rubber bridge player, he says, because money helps a lot, but never up to Macleod's standard as a tournament player, though he (Lever) did once win an All-England contest. But he did nothing with his money except play with it, and give some of it away, and it kept cascading in.

What is it that enables him to make money? Is it an instinct? He says

he is a sort of human computer. You feel in the information and press a button, and if the computer is properly coded the right answer comes out. "I am unconsciously coded. The answer comes out—Buy or Sell."

But did he ever feel that being a Labour MP and being a millionaire were incompatible? Never. He thinks it comes from his father and grandfather and their ease with both God and Mammon. He never feels the slightest guilt. After all, he never deprives anyone except other well-to-do people.

When I asked, had he first thought it would be nice to dwell in marble halls?—"No, no, that's not me." But he does have a real marble hall? He said he was coming to that.

In 1960, when he was skiing in Switzerland, he met his present wife, Diane. She is Lebanese, brought up in Geneva, and beautiful. He thought she was delightful; though since she was then 23 and he was then 46, and since she was married and he was rather conventional about such things, he never thought of her as anything but a friend. Her husband was also a millionaire, a nice chap, and they played bridge together.

One day, after they had known each other for two years, Diane's old nanny, Nanny Brett, said Diane was depressed and he said, "What about the panelling in the room?" She bought this in France. The staircase—"We

to see "Romanoff and Juliet" and then to a corner house for something to eat, and then it dawned on him that he was in love with her. He told her. She said she was in love with him too. They had hardly held hands. She said she would have to tell her husband. Her husband thought it was inexcusable of Mr Lever, and Mr Lever doesn't blame him. He married Diane in 1962.

Now he should tell me, he says, that by that time he was by any standards very rich, but he was living with his one daughter by his late wife in a small flat over a shoeshop in Sloane Square. He had no staff, only a nanny, and a daily—rather like Harold Wilson's. It was the kind of flat any reasonably successful bank manager might have owned. He didn't care very much about such things. But when he married again he needed a bigger flat and was passing Eaton Square one day when he thought why be such a snob in reverse, and why not give the child (his wife, whom he frequently calls "that child") a rather better flat. They took two floors, redecorated, brought in a Louis XIV staircase, and his wife bought everything else—"every piece of porcelain, every dish, every damn thing you see here."

He showed me some eighteenth-century chalk drawings. I asked if he had a Watteau or two somewhere, but he said he hadn't. What about the panelling in the room?—"She bought this in France." The staircase—"We

built that. Don't make this all an article about the amusing irrelevances in my life."

All right. But there was one description of his house I had heard which had made me laugh out loud. It was called a seven-bath-roomed flat. Had it got seven bathrooms?—"Oh, at least."

To the Common Market then? Yes, but first he would like to see that these "charming toys" with which he was surrounded made no difference to his politics or to the things that made him tick. Well, back in 1964, when Labour came to power, Harold Wilson made it perfectly clear to him that he had disqualified himself from office for the moment by attending so rarely. And his new wife loved the Commons and was startled that her husband was so indifferent. "So I started attending rather better because of my wife, because she loves it so much." He says she is a glutton for punishment and has attended every high speech in the Common Market debate.

Anyway, Mr Lever attended better, and was a brilliant chairman of committee on the Prices and Incomes Bill, and worked his way up from dogbody at the DEA to Financial Secretary at the Treasury and then Paymaster-General. Then last year he was elected to the Shadow Cabinet, and given European Affairs to look after. Now, isn't this awkward these days, because he is a pro-Market man, and his views are now the opposite of his leader's? He said he gets on perfectly well with Mr Wilson.

He took it into account that in forming his present policy Mr Wilson was influenced by his passion for party unity, which was not an ignoble aim. Himself, he thought he would have resigned, but obviously he wasn't a leader because leaders don't resign. "I'm sorry I found it necessary," because of his natural instinct to preserve his party and himself? "Which again is not an ignoble objective."

Which way would Mr Lever vote in October? He insisted on "retaining his reticence," not because there was any doubt what he was going to do but because he did not think it right to publicise his intention. He thought this "properly evasive."

We walked round the flat, into a dining room and a sitting room, looking at pictures. On one wall is a beautiful, unmistakable Devis, who was the serene painter of the English eighteenth century. Mrs Lever saw it at a dealer's, clipped her hands, and said buy her that. He said it was not dear, and looked at me. "I said, 'Well, £20,000.' I once saw one sell for much more."

"No, no, no, £7,250. It's worth about £85-70,000 now."

Mrs Lever and the three little girls, Annabel, Isabel, and Yasmin, came home from seeing "The Tales of Beatrix Potter." The little girls curled. Mr Lever said his favourite novelist was Jane Austen. Every book in sight was bound in what appeared to be full leather. I suppose I have one or two poorer dukes, though the Duke of Bedford probably has the edge, because even his telephone directories are bound in leather.

So, down in the lift, away from the marble hall and other amusing irrelevances, Mr Lever is not an ambitious man, and as far as he is vain, he says all his vanities have been already gratified. But I did ask the Labour member for Manchester (Cheetham) if he would like to use his financial instinct for the benefit of any future Labour Government. Would he like to be Chancellor of the Exchequer?

He said that whoever the Prime Minister was, if he gave him nothing he would accept it with the same good grace that he accepted nothing in 1964—and he thought it would be dishonest to conceal from me that he did not think there had been, in 1964, exactly a plethora of talent superior to his. So, in any future government, if he got nothing, or some other post, it would be OK, but there was nothing he would enjoy so much as being Chancellor. The greatest enjoyment and fulfilment would be the Treasury.

A walk on the wild side

Sandy Cousins looks back over his 360-mile walk: the first solo traverse from Cape Wrath to Glasgow



In hot sunshine after being warmly welcomed by the lighthouse keeper. I was greeted with interest and hospitality by all the foresters, keepers and others I met during the journey. Each day was one of fresh interest and was a feast for my eyes. From the Fannichs I saw the waters of the Beaulie Firth to the east and of Loch Torridon to the west. The width of Scotland at a glance. The wild life I saw was typical of that on the high ground—deer, eagles, grouse, ptarmigan.

The hill walking was superb. High peaks with beautiful panoramas of mountains, lochs and glens all around me, narrow twisting ridges with rock pinnacles looming out of the mist, walks across long sunlit plateaux to the plaintive musical cry of the golden plover. I have every variety of weather from hot sun on breathless days to shrieking gale force winds driving mist in my face, or rain coming down like wire. I had snow showers too, sometimes drifting like white veils across the sunlit hills. I had only two emergencies. About half way I discovered that one of my boots was collapsing, but I was able to repair it and it lasted the trip. Later I had to climb down from Ben Nevis at dawn one day with a throbbing tooth to visit the dentist in Fort William.

My first high camp was on the west top of Foinaven in Sutherlandshire. Here I met a party from the Yorkshire Ramblers Climbing Club. I met no one else on the hills until I reached the summit a week later. After that, apart from a friend who joined me for three days, I met no one until I reached Ben Nevis. On Foinaven the springy moss beside the cairn made a comfortable bed, and the evening was warm

and calm. In the gloaming a sea of cloud formed below me and the lights of Kinlochbervie and of ships in the Loch twinkled in the distance. At dawn the sun woke me as it shone in the open tent door. I felt excited thinking of the days ahead yet relaxed knowing that all my planning was finished, my supplies were in position, and now I could enjoy the climbing.

Two weeks later on Meall-na-Teanga above the Great Glen I looked back north over glens, lochs, peaks and ridges, forming a distant horizon, and realised that I had crossed over all that distance. I felt good and thought of the two weeks of climbing and the fine lonely camps I had had somewhere among that maze of rough country. I thought of past members of my club the Scottish Mountaineering Club who had explored these hills, of Hugh Munro's love of hill walking, and felt in a small way part of that great company. I felt a great respect for John Hinde and his RAF party who had made a journey from Ben Hope to Ben Lomond in November 1968.

Throughout the journey, though (or perhaps because) I was alone, I had a feeling of being a composite unit. I was impressed with the way my will controlled my body. Sometimes I was quite weary yet knowing I wanted to go on it was as though instructions were sent to the machinery to keep going regardless. Another facet was the "office" of my mind. Here it was as though I knew all the administration, planning, logistics, etc, were complete and it was left to my five senses to enjoy being in the country I love and among its friendly folk. Separate from these facets was the thinking part of my mind, while the machine was going

on I found my thoughts sometimes strangely detached as I turned over problems or ideas of fancy work, my interests in mountaineering and in countryside matters. There was a special joy and freedom being alone.

The crossing from Glencoe to Bridge of Orchy in Argyll was one of the wild days. I made a logistic error by having the map for this section in my supply box at Bridge of Orchy. However, I was able to make a sketch map and had done the route a couple of times before. A cold front was moving across Scotland and the heavy rain and rising wind greeted me as I crossed the moor to Sron-na-Criese. I met a party from the Holiday Fellowship. One was very exhausted so I gave him plenty of glucose and one of the others turned back with him. On the ridge visibility in the driving wind and rain was down to a few yards. I took a wrong turn and soon realised that the slope of the ground seemed wrong. At a time like this, "Trust the Compass" is paramount. I rechecked to the ridge pressed on against the gale, and soon recognised the correct turning point. On a compass bearing I reached the col I wanted and emptied the water from my boots for the second time. It was too cold to stop for food until I reached a sheltered spot by the summit of Stob Gahhar. Then I started down. The weather forecast had predicted rain, easing with sunny periods in the late afternoon. As I was descending suddenly the rain stopped and the heavens opened to blue sky and warm sunshine at four o'clock. Now is that for timing? Deer scattered as I walked through the beautiful sunlit pines by these facets was the thinking part of my mind, while the machine was going

on I found my thoughts sometimes strangely detached as I turned over problems or ideas of fancy work, my interests in mountaineering and in countryside matters. There was a special joy and freedom being alone.

wild conditions there two hours earlier. My last top was Ben Lomond and I camped in a heavy mist beside the summit. I had had a fine night camped beside the summit of Ben Lomond two days earlier with fine views of the home hills I knew so well. On a clear day the summit of Ben Lomond is visible from my front window about 20 miles away. Ben Lomond was the first hill I climbed over 20 years ago, and that time I had camped on the summit in a lovely July evening. That time I had been so enthusiastic about the climb that the following weekend I was there again with another school pal.

However, we were awakened by thunder and lightning all around us and two rather scared lads scrambled down in the small hours. So, the hill walking of my traverse was finished. The descent was marred by the sight of the rubbish, beer cans, bottles and so on left by walkers all down the path. Ben Lomond was the fiftieth hill of the whole journey. The walk home along the busy road was quite the most dangerous part of the whole traverse. For most of the way there is no foot path for pedestrians so cars and buses rush past only inches away. This is also true of the Loch Lomond road.

So after 26 days on the move I topped a rise outside Glasgow and had a panoramic view of the city. I realised with pleasure I had completed my little expedition. In fact I had climbed more peaks than I intended. Home again, a stonier lighter, a little sun-tanned and my little girl objecting to my beard. Now making up my log and looking at the map other areas beckon—Assynt, Fisherfield, Knoydart. Lord, what a beautiful country!

LAST YEAR WHILE camping on the West Coast of Scotland with my family during the July moonson our holiday was brought to an abrupt end when, one morning during the third gale we had survived, the ridge pole split and the tent collapsed. I said to my wife, while we searched for the children in the confusion of canvas, clothes and cornflakes, "Let's go home." "Now," she said, "that is the first dashed sensible thing you have said this holiday!" This year she very sensibly decided to take the children to the East Coast to the sun at Crail one of her holiday haunts. My wife knows that half an hour of boredom on a beach is as much as I can stand so I was free to choose my own holiday.

For some time I have wanted to do a long climbing trip in the Highlands alone, camping or using hooties and howfs. I now had the length of holiday necessary to do such a journey, so in January I started my planning. I intended to start at Cape Wrath and climb the peaks on a fairly direct route south to my home in Glasgow. The route would take me to hills I knew and to several that were unknown to me. The total distance would be about 360 miles (the equivalent of Glasgow to London by road) and I would climb about 80,000 feet (over twice the height of Mount Everest) and I expected to take 26 days, averaging 15 miles and over 3,000 feet of climbing every day.

I aimed to climb more than 80 tops (about 60 over 3,000 feet). Since I was to be alone I had to be as self-sufficient as possible. I sent little questionnaires to lodges and farms on my route to gain information, and to establish points where I could pick up boxes of supplies, which I sent off about a month before I started the journey. Nearly all the answers I received offered some bothy or other shelter. I drew up my ordnance maps the route I intended to take, marking bearings and distances, then in bad weather I had only to read off my instructions. In this way I did not leave the thinking to be done when I might be cold, tired or confused.

I had my diet checked so that I knew I had the correct balance of foods and sufficient calories—about 4,500 per day. My load was about 30lb which though heavy I carried comfortably in one of the latest nylon Ariel Sacs (27oz). This has an inflexible frame-pad. I took a nylon Forre Tentivert (54lb). I used a Hely-Hansen brushed nylon Polar Jacket and socks of the same material. The socks showed no signs of wear and have now done over 500 miles. My luxuries included cigars and Drambuie to round off my evening meals.

On June 1, I set off from Cape Wrath

Alienation

There are more cars of course. And more kids. And organised crime is doing the sale of stolen cars and car parts increasingly profitable. But perhaps the biggest single factor in the upward spiral of auto theft is the growing alienation and disaffection of the young. Said Shostrom: "Young people are more apt to take something if they are justified in doing so. Today's socio-economic situation, it seems, makes them feel more justified in taking a car temporarily. They ask themselves, 'Why shouldn't I take it after all, it is the establishment doing for me?'"

A national survey a year ago showed that about 76 per cent of all persons under 18 who steal a car for a joyride will do it again. Joyriding, a misdemeanor, is described as "taking a automobile without the owner's permission for the purpose of temporary use." The first time the joyrider is caught, is either released or sent to the probation department, which assigns a probation officer. Because joyriding is generally considered a minor offence it usually takes three or four years before the youth is sent to a juvenile court by his probation officer. Hearing is then held to decide whether the offender will become a member of the court.

The punishment often comes earlier the offender is over 18 or if he was asked for Grand Theft Auto: stripping the car of its parts or attempting "permanently deprive" the auto on its owner, which is a felony. Whether the offender is accused of attempting to "permanently deprive" a car from its owner is decided at a time of booking. Many law enforcement officers feel joyriders should not be let off easier than those who steal a car for profit. J. Edgar Hoover recently said: "Joyriders and neighbourhood jaunts by young people stolen cars are not prankish capers, restless youth. They are crimes—serious and senseless violations. Police recognise the problem as a prelude to more dangerous crime. That, JSC's Mason, however, said that joyriding, aside from all bad consequences, is not all bad—to my kids, it represents a means of expression."—Los Angeles Times.

Disarm for a dialogue

The Ulster Unionists must be privately delighted that Mr Lynch has dropped such a resounding brick, since it frees them from any need to talk to Dublin's men. You cannot be expected to talk to a neighbouring Government that says you are unfit to govern. But the Ulster Unionists should think well ahead. They have got to live with the Catholics in Northern Ireland. They have got to persuade their fellow countrymen that Northern Ireland is a place worth living in, where every peaceful citizen will get a fair deal. In the end, if rioting and strife go on, the Ulster Unionists are bound to win. They have the greatest numbers and British backing; and the IRA lacks the guts for a sustained fight. But if the Unionists win at the price of wrecked cities and a ruined economy, the victory will not be worth much.

Mr Faulkner said yesterday that he wanted a Northern Irish community in which all elements participated. Mr Lynch said the day before that he wanted decision-making in the North shared between Unionists and non-Unionists. Both men must be credited with sincerely meaning what they say. The implication of Mr Faulkner's words is that he wants to bring Catholics closer to the heart of government. The implication of Mr Lynch's is that the border stands and that the Unionists must be recognised as having at least half the power in Northern Ireland.

For both sides, however, sharing requires a tremendous effort of self-discipline and subtlety of mind. It means that responsibility must be genuinely shared between Unionists and others. In Mr Faulkner's favour, it ought to be acknowledged that since he took office he has proved himself a reformer. He has carried through a large part of what he promised on housing, local government, and the police, even if the full benefits will not be seen for a year or two yet. The folly of Mr Lynch's statement on Tuesday was that, in his anger over internment, he distorted and demeaned Mr Faulkner's record—and hurt himself in doing so. Neither Prime Minister is secure in his office and both must take account of the men behind them. Mr Faulkner, however, has shown himself ready to stand up to the extremists on his own side. And Mr Lynch would do well to remember that Mr Faulkner is the democratically-elected Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.

But a sharing of responsibility: what does it mean? Setting aside the more damaging parts of Mr Lynch's statement, consider how sharing could be brought about. On the Unionist side it must mean going further than Mr Faulkner's constructive—but frustrated—experiment with joint parliamentary committees at Stormont.

If the Unionists really want to make sharing work, they will offer to give, say, four out of ten Cabinet seats to the Opposition—to create, in fact, the kind of war-time Coalition that Britain had from 1940 to 1945. This means a suspension of the normal two-sided Government-Opposition antagonism in Parliament, and it means acceptance by both sides that certain political objectives cannot be pursued for the duration of the Coalition. Unionist minds will hoggle at the idea. Let them realise, however, that the effort and change of outlook required on the other side are greater still.

The failure of Mr Faulkner's joint committees is symptomatic of the difficulties on the other side. Mr Gerry Fitt and his colleagues walked out of Stormont because the Government would not concede an inquiry into one incident in Londonderry. It was a matter about which they felt strongly, as they were entitled to, but it suggests that their commitment to the joint principle was thin. Suppose that, as a Coalition Cabinet Minister, Mr Gerry Fitt or Mr John Hume, finds himself a member of the Security Committee. It is logical that when responsibility is shared at least one of the Catholics should be a member of this committee. He will then have to share responsibility for advising the GOC on governmental aspects of the security task—which includes fighting, neutralising, and if necessary shooting IRA and Protestant gunmen. Can Mr Hume or Mr Fitt survive a situation in which Bernadette Devlin and Eddie McAteer are shouting the odds against them? Will they not be thrown out at the next election—if not shot by the IRA before then? To put these questions is harsh. It does not reflect on Mr Fitt or Mr Hume, who are good and courageous men. But it is a measure of the extent to which Catholic attitudes will have to change. It is what shared responsibility means.

The effort required on both sides is huge. Whether it will be made on either is doubtful. The Nationalists must accept that the IRA has to be disarmed—in which much more help ought to be given by the South. The Unionists must accept no less that Protestant gunmen also have to be disarmed—something which ought to come soon as a second stage to this week's operation. Order must be restored before political progress can be made. But it is time to think about the form of Catholic involvement in government. Without some such involvement, Northern Ireland will not recover. The debarred Ulster Unionists, of whom too many are well placed within the party, will want to prevent Mr Faulkner moving in this direction. They prefer to scorn and abuse the Catholics. In doing so they doom Ulster to a long, bitter, and debilitating struggle.

A visitor from Malawi

Dr Hastings Banda of Malawi, who arrives in South Africa on Monday, the first black Head of State ever to go there, should feel at home with his hosts. In many ways he is more Afrikaner than the Afrikaners, a veritable tramp with a black face. While they frown at miniskirts, Dr Banda has banned them outright. While they tolerate opposition at least as long as it is tame, white, and insignificant, he hrooks none of it, whatever its colour. Contemptuous even of the forms of democracy, he refuses to play around with the 99.99 per cent vote which some other one-party states go in for. This year's general election never took place because the candidates became MPs as soon as their names were announced by the President. There was no opposition.

But Malawi is a poor country, and Dr Banda argues that he is doing the best he can. His economy is dependent almost entirely on foreign

money; wages sent back by the 90,000 Malawians working in the mines of South Africa, and by others in Rhodesia too; investment from outside firms, among them South African who are playing a growing rôle in the country; and British aid, partly to balance the budget, and partly for development, £50 millions since independence.

His willingness to talk to white South Africa and help Mr Vorster pursue his policy of dialogue follows logically. Dr Banda claims, from his country's economic position. But the argument is faulty. Botswana is equally poor, and she too has to supplement her miserable income by sending workers to the South African mines. The difference is that Sir Seretse Khama knows that wages there are brutally low and that conditions are an indignity. While South Africa is not prepared to improve them, he refuses to demean his country by visiting Pretoria.

What right to persuade?

Mr Clive Jenkins failed yesterday to stop distribution of the Government's pamphlet on Britain and Europe because he did not show that joining the Common Market would do him more harm (or good) than it would do to other people. "In this case," said Mr Justice Griffiths, "Mr Jenkins is in no different position to any other member of the public, being no more and no less affected by the distribution of the pamphlet than the rest of us." This is true of a trade union general secretary but it is not necessarily true of everyone. A Cornish tomato-grower, for example, could easily prove that British membership of the Common Market would do his business more harm than it would do to other people's businesses.

In practice Mr Justice Griffiths would probably have found against the Cornish tomato-grower too. In his judgment yesterday he said he thought the Government should be able to tell the people what it proposes to do and why.

But this does not meet the whole of Mr Jenkins's argument, which is that the pamphlet is an attempt to persuade Parliament by force of public opinion, to vote for a particular policy. This, it can be argued, is an act of propaganda which the Central Office of Information normally forswears. The COI's Director-General, Sir Fife Clark, has written that "while legislation is in progress no money from public funds is spent on publicity of this kind. The issue may be one on which the political parties hold differing views and a clear distinction must be made between advocacy, which is a matter for Ministers and the party organisations, and factual presentation by the official services." The COI might plead that the Common Market legislation is not yet technically "in progress." But the defence would be pernickety and weak. The campaign for the ear of Parliament has begun and to some people it seems that the COI is taking sides. It is a nice constitutional point.

A COUNTRY DIARY

MACHYNLETH: It was in late spring we noticed the sparrowhawk's nest high up in a larch close to our path homeward through the wood. From then on, though we passed that way daily, it was rare that the sitting bird or her mate gave the slightest sign of being aware of our passing, though they must have seen or heard us every time. Even when the four young were a month old, and standing tall on the nest, that part of the wood was always silent except when the parent birds brought food and the young squealed in excitement. A week later all were in the nest by treetops. Any day now, we said, they will be gone. But we were wrong. They grew strong on the wing, and could fly round and over the wood like arrows but still they remained attached to the place. They became noisier every day mewing like kittens, but much more loudly, keeping it up with few intervals all day long. And now though it is mid-August they are still there, waiting in the larch tops so that their parents can always find them as soon as they arrive with prey. As I write this in my garden half a mile away I can hear their clear calling on the still morning air. A sound to delight birdwatchers but to make carkeepers grow pale and reach for their illegal but still widely-used pole traps.

WILLIAM CONDRY

THE little village of Baray Occidental lies in Prey Veng province, half-way between Phnom Penh and the Vietnamese border. It also lies midway between Nhiek Louang, the South Vietnamese base on the Mekong River, and the marshes of Whar Suor, where the Cambodian army has recently been fighting elements of several North Vietnamese divisions.

Baray Occidental means "western reservoir," but the inhabitants of the village, a collection of Cambodian stilt houses clustered around a destroyed Buddhist temple, do not know how their village got its name, only that the name is very old.

The name, however, is as relevant to Baray Occidental's present condition as its geographical position. The village lies west of another exceptional village called Banam, which lies at the foot of a hill called Ba Phnom. More than 1,500 years ago, Ba Phnom gave its name to a powerful kingdom, today remembered as Funan, and Banam was its capital. Baray Occidental, therefore, was once the site of a reservoir quenching the thirst of a great city.

Funan, in the course of history, went the way of all Cambodian States. It was gradually encroached upon by migrants and invaders from the north and east, most notably the Vietnamese. Baray Occidental, which was once in the centre of a great Khmer kingdom, is now on the contracting edge of a retreating frontier, the rear-guard of a nation that has been pushed back 200 miles in 200 years by its more powerful Vietnamese neighbour.

Until last year, the forces pressing in on Baray Occidental seemed suspended. Then the war—and the latent hatreds broke out. Prey Veng province was the site of some of the worst massacres of Vietnamese. Then Vietnamese soldiers—both Hanoi's and Saigon's—overran Prey Veng province, and Baray Occidental.

For these reasons, the village seemed a good place to visit in an attempt to find out what was happening in Cambodia outside the narcissistic world of Phnom Penh.

The war has brushed the village several times; the most obvious sign of its passage is

Surviving with a smile

THE war in Cambodia grinds along, with villages like Baray Occidental caught in the crossfire of North and South Vietnamese and its own government's troops. T. D. ALLMAN reports from an almost forgotten frontline.

The destroyed temple. Judging from an old colour photograph, it was once an impressive building, with a red-tile roof covering an airy, cool nave decorated with paintings of mythological figures. It was the heart of the village, serving not only as a place of worship, but as the social centre, the site for village fairs and celebrations, the school and the focus of local identity and pride.

Now the temple of Baray Occidental is very ugly. With government help the villagers have covered its ruins with a corrugated tin roof. The government is happy to show journalists the temple, "destroyed by the North Vietnamese Communist aggressors," and the new tin roof.

But at Baray Occidental, as is usual in Cambodia, the responsibility for the destruction of the temple is not so easy to assign. The temple, a few questions reveal, was actually destroyed by South Vietnamese mortar fire—after the Vietcong had occupied it—after Cambodia entered a war it could have avoided.

Guilt, however, does not interest the villagers so much as the destruction of their temple. They stand warily, as they might have stood when the Vietcong entered the village, undemonstrative as the government soldiers and two white men—the first ever to come here—examine their damaged, partly rebuilt temple.

In the centre of the temple, sitting on the tile floor, which was not damaged, beneath the tin roof, the village's chief monk—84 years old, looking like the Grand Lama in "Lost Horizon"—begins to chant the same litany he has chanted in honour of every important visitation for the past 70 years.

Outside, the villagers are silent, just short of apprehensive. A government soldier chatters, half in French, half in Khmer, into a new American back-pack radio. "The VC killed my father when I joined the army," says the soldier with the radio, as he carefully dismantles it. "They shot him in the head. I live under Bridge Number Three." He is 19 years old, and he likes having the radio and being in the army better than he did growing rice.

The villagers, after a time, speak a little more freely. The VC have visited the village three times—one does not ask how often government soldiers have come there. On the first two occasions the Communists made speeches; the third time they took the young men of the village off to become soldiers.

It begins to rain. A jet plane flies overhead. The villagers say they do not mind the Cambodian and American aeroplanes, which bomb only the forests and the hills, including Ba Phnom, where the Vietcong, not the gods of Funan, now reside. And the South Vietnamese planes? There are polite, embarrassed smiles. And later, the provincial governor will tell us: "I never call for South Vietnamese air strikes."

And what do the villagers think of Sihanouk? Of the Khmer Rouge? Of the anti-government forces? Again, the smiles, the survivor's instinct both to please and avoid commitment, to keep on growing rice no matter whose soldiers are in the forests. "The Sihanoukists and Khmer Rouge are no problem," a Cambodian officer finally says, "the villagers know they are the dupes of the Vietnamese."

And one wonders, when the

village's young men come back in their Communist uniforms, is that not what they will have been taught to say—the same words, but referring to the Lon Nol government and another set of Vietnamese?

The whole problem of the two kinds of Vietnamese, the question of which type of them destroyed the temple, hangs over, complicates things in Baray Occidental. Finally, one of the villagers, who speaks a little French, cuts through it all: "We hate the Vietnamese," he says. "This is our land."

One looks at the temple, and its tin roof, at the rice fields being planted even though the war prevented last year's crop from being harvested. Is there not resilience here, or is it just an inability to imagine other possibilities?

Back in the provincial capital, too, the situation is according to neither Radio Peking nor VOA, Noam Chomsky nor Joe Alsop. The war here, as in the village, has complicated things, choked them off, made them ugly. The population has declined from 5,000 to 1,000 people; the Communists are a few kilometres in every direction. The governor, a man doing his best, has lined his forces up along the main road in Nhiek Louang, in the static defence lines that cost the French the first Indo-China war.

The governor and his staff are not contemptuous, selfish, war-loving, doctrinaire, or even out to mislead anyone. They are almost embarrassingly modest about the limitations of their situation, the difficulty of it all, the lack of alternatives. Indeed, the defining condition of the governor and his staff, like the old monk and the soldier with the radio and the boys who joined the Khmer Rouge, is their Cambodian-ness, not their class or politics. The chocolate skin, the broad nose, the easy smile, the fact they could never, never be Vietnamese.

Plutonium back to Phnom Penh in a helicopter, making detours to avoid Communist ground fire, that seemed to be the crucial thing—that they are Cambodians, being pushed back again, resisting it if they ride, trying at times to let it ride over them, trying to survive, whatever side they find themselves on. And, one thinks, it is just as well that the villagers of Baray Occidental do not remember the fate of Funan; how could the knowledge help them?

Time for courage in Ulster

TO THE EDITOR

Sir—Murder? Mistake? Fascist brutality? These are just some of the accusations being made about the shooting of an apparently unarmed and innocent Belfast workman, whose only crime was to drive a van which seemingly tended to backfire. Clearly this is a regrettable event in the deepest sense for the family of the victim, and for the soldier who squeezed the trigger. But who should feel the deepest regret, and who is really to blame?

Fuller responsibility for this and all similar deaths which have occurred in the current situation must be borne by the people of Ulster. It must be borne by the self-interested who will sacrifice the happiness

and rights of their fellows for their own ends, by the religious bigots of both sides, whose conduct negates all that they claim to believe in, by those who refuse to see that nothing is gained in life without giving as well as taking, by politicians who, for their own power, refuse to curb excesses or bring about reform by rioters too young to realise that they are destroying their own futures, and by terrorists who murder themselves and their ideals as they murder others, by fools who insist on their pagantry, suffering, or death to somebody and to those, the majority, who despair in apathy.

The catastrophe of Ulster is one of death and suffering, caused by narrow selfishness

and refusal to compromise with those who hold differing views. Romantic patriotism and heroism are excuses for self-assertion, and even enjoyment, at the expense of others' lives.

If the blind cannot see, then perhaps the sighted, who sit in fear, despondency, and despair, should muster their courage and attempt to lead the way. It is only the moderate and the fair, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, who can save Ulster from its appalling and musochistic fate, and from the general situation which has just brought about the death of another civilian, and another sorrow to Ireland.—Yours faithfully,

Melvyn J. Bray,
57 Queen's Drive,
London N 4.

Drawing the line

Sir—I am confused. When does prison without trial stop being a Fascist or Communist repressive measure, and start being a part of the democratic process? The South African Government justifies its detention laws by claiming that it stops situations like the one in Northern Ireland ever starting. The British and Ulster Governments have now given credence to this argument, and in so doing have bolstered up every police state in the world. What price democracy now?—Yours faithfully,

Joseph A. Phillips,
6 Abbey Road,
Birmingham,
Nottingham.

The inevitable escalation to violence

Sir—The use of violence in an attempt to control a situation begets more violence. Many of us said this when the British Army was called into Northern Ireland not so very long ago. We see the violence escalating in classic fashion so that it becomes above the law and gives reign to those insane fanatics who care nothing for law and nothing for the people of Northern Ireland.

The common enemy is ignorance, poverty and lack of privilege, and Stormont has demon-

strated so clearly its inability to govern, that the British Parliament must now take over and immediately establish common rights for all Ulster citizens with the eventual objective of integrating that unfortunate country with the rest of Britain. The alternatives are to escalate the violence into a blood bath which may involve the Republic of Ireland, or to seek some neutral arbitration or mediation.—Yours faithfully,

D. Laing,
55 Finlay Street,
London SW 6.

A sensible initiative for peace

Sir—Jack Lynch has said that there should be a meeting of all parties with an interest in the Ulster situation. Surely this is sensible? Why shouldn't the Westminster Government take the initiative and bring this about?

The present government of Northern Ireland no longer holds the reins, it reacts to each situation as it arises. Our Government must face the fact, unpalatable though it may be, that the situation is out of control.

If Westminster finally imposed "direct rule" and then offered to chair a conference to decide the future constitution of Ulster, taking all factions into account, no one

could question its motives save those to whom unrest is an end in itself. At the same time as such an offer, and necessitated by the appalling situation which has developed through lack of concerted action, the Government could state, as an alternative, that it would arrange a plebiscite to decide Ulster's future.

If the leaders of the various groups are not really prepared to talk and compromise for the sake of peace, they are not worthy of those whom they represent.—Yours faithfully,

A. S. Anderson,
142 New Haw Road,
Addlestone,
Surrey.

On the road to indifference

Sir—A short while ago your morning correspondent gave a long and detailed report on the Morris Marina. After listing the not-inconsiderable number of its defects he concluded that it was a good car! At the time I felt this to be the ultimate demonstration of the public's tacit acceptance by the declining standards of British car manufacture, matched only by those of Lord Stokes when a number of consumer organisations dared to criticise British cars. Now his lordship has changed his tune and pointed out that without increased care in production, the industry's products will no longer be bought.

My own experience is not, I believe, exceptional. It took months for my car—not a BMC model—to be delivered (due to an admitted clerical error). Now after less than 4,000 miles of motoring, the big-end "shells" have gone, caused in all probability by the overtight assembly of the engine. Few of us buy ships, but very many experience the hardships of being a car-owner. If the car industry goes the way of UCI, there will be few of us to over the corpse. Our experience with the dead will have been too recent and too bitter.—Yours sincerely,

J. D. Carthy,
45 Snakes Lane,
Woodford Green,
Essex.

Unjust sentences

Sir—On Saturday (August 8) you printed my letter concerning the "OZ" trial in such a way that it could only be concluded that I was in favour of the sentences passed. This is not so. My letter was written two days before this even occurred and was solely concerned with what I considered the true nature of the magazine's obscenity. I consider the sentences harsh and unjust and could never approve them under any circumstances.—Yours faithfully,

John Maynard,
57A Harvey Road,
London SE 4.

FLY TO NEWYORK FROM £45 ONE WAY NOW!

Also reliable personal service.

NEWYORK UNDER 26Yrs. First class, low cost jet travel to:
ONE WAY: £45
ROUND TRIP: £70
W. COAST ONE WAY: £80
NEW YORK OVER 26Yrs.
ONE WAY: £50
ROUND TRIP: £80

First class, low cost jet travel to:
Sydney, Melbourne, Singapore, Bangkok, Hongkong, Manila, Jakarta, Tokyo, Kuala Lumpur, Perth, Taipei, Brunei, Kenya, Uganda, South Africa.

ALSO PARIS £5.45
EXPO INTERNATIONAL
31/32 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. 01-930 4087/8

The Ulster revolution Mr Lynch forgets

HAROLD JACKSON,
Belfast, Friday

NOT least of the irritations in Mr Jack Lynch's curious statement on Thursday night was his allegation of "lethargy" in Belfast in carrying out the reform programme. It is a charge which may be based fairly readily on the Catholic side in the North and is worth studying in some detail.

The reforms originated in the aftermath of the riots two years ago and were largely the result of the pressure exerted by the Labour Government on the Chichester-Clark Administration. With the army called in to restore order, it was evident that some far-reaching political programme was necessary to try to convince the Catholics and world public opinion that the Stormont Government was making some serious effort to deal with the intractable problems of the province.

A five-point programme had already been announced by Mr Terence O'Neill when he was Prime Minister, after the disorders at the end of 1968. This covered housing allocation, new arrangements for local government, franchise and boundaries, some means for citizens to have their grievances seen to, a development commission for Londonderry, and abandonment of the Special Powers Act when the troubles had died down a bit.

To these were added reforms of the police, including the disbandment of the B-Specials, measures to stop discrimination in employment, and legislation covering

incitement to hatred between the communities. The riots happened in the middle of August 1968 and the Downing Street declaration, committing Stormont firmly to the reforms, was issued later that month.

The timetable of the various reforms has been as follows:

February 5, 1969—Londonderry Development Commission set up. April 3, 1969—Commission takes over from the Corporation. June 24, 1969—Ombudsman appointed. October 28, 1969—Ministry of Community Relations set up. November 11, 1969—Community Relations Commission established. November 25, 1969—Reform of local government franchise becomes law. November 25, 1969—Ombudsman appointed for local government officers. December 17, 1969—Local government boundaries review body appointed.

March 26, 1970—Reform of police becomes law. April 1, 1970—B-Specials disbanded and Ulster Defence Regiment formed. May 29, 1970—Boundaries review body reports. June 9, 1970—New law allowing grants from Ministry of Community Relations for social amenity improvement. July 2, 1970—Incitement to Hatred Act becomes law. February 25, 1971—Housing allocation reforms become law. March 23, 1971—Local

government boundaries proposals become law. April 17, 1971—Government accepts proposals for independent public prosecutors. May 13, 1971—Prime Minister promises early appointment of prosecutor. June 22, 1971—Prime Minister announces parliamentary reforms to give the Opposition greater role in legislation.

The big gap in this table of legislation, of course, is the failure to do anything about the Special Powers Act—heightened by its use last Monday. But it must otherwise be regarded as a reasonable and rapid response to the demands made by the minority in Northern Ireland. Why, then, the charges from

Mr Lynch and from the Opposition at Stormont? Mr Lynch has spoken of the "lethargy" of Stormont, but has not spelled out just what he means by that. In Belfast and Londonderry the Catholic leaders tend to speak of the failure to carry out the law in the spirit in which it was supposed to have been conceived. It is an easy charge to lay and a very hard one to assess. But my own impression is that an air of complete unreciprocity lies behind many of the complaints.

One sometimes gets the impression that the Catholic community expected utopias once Westminster had intervened, paying little heed to the evident facts of government in any country. It really just does not happen that way

in a complex society. So why can the apparent intentions of the Unionists—leaned on heavily by London to be sure—not be accepted? Partly, of course, the suspicion springs from the backwoods reaction of the Paisleyites and the rednecks within the Unionist Party. But this should, in the normal way, be offset by the fact that the reform programme is being carried through in spite of them.

No, there is a much deeper reason that just never gets acknowledged by the Republicans on either side of the border. It is simply that they are not looking for a settlement no matter what terms they are offered. The Protestants of the North offer a marvellous focus away from

the fundamental contradictions of Irish nationalism, which would have to look painfully at itself if that convenient irritant ever went away. It is much easier to keep on screaming about Ulster.

The unwelcome truth to which the Irish block their minds is that there is virtually no point at which nationalist aspirations and economic reality touch. A small, pretty barren offshore island in the far west of the European mainland has two stark political choices—it can be free and poor, or prosperous and dependent. There is little likelihood, as things now stand, of its people somehow managing to be free and rich. It's tough and it's unwelcome, but that's what it's all about.

put in less than an hour's duty each week in order to maintain their campaign.

The Provisionals believe they have other reasons for conscience as well. "We've had casualties and naturally there are going to be more but they have not been heavy up to now," the spokesman for the movement said.

He was talking before yesterday's reports of "up to 30" members of the IRA killed; last week his own forces had suffered eight deaths, which was less than the British Army's total. "Two of our men died in a car crash while on active service. One was killed in a training accident (this was in Portlaoise). Another died when a legitimate bomb went off prematurely," the spokesman said.

"We lost one man in fighting with the Gouldingites. The UVF shot another in the back during street disturbances and one of our volunteers was killed in defensive fighting in June 1970. The British forces shot only one man. That was during an ambush."

The Provisionals also claim that their losses of weapons have been light and it is true that most of the British Army's success in finding arms has been in the Falls Road area of Belfast which is one of the few remaining Official IRA strongholds in the North.

In their bombing campaign, the Provos seem to have hit independently on a policy that a former Stormont Home Affairs Minister, Dawson Bates, described as being the most effective way of bringing down Stormont. It was Dawson Bates who said in 1928 after a fire-raising campaign by the IRA, that if such a policy were sustained over a limited period—he underestimated Stormont's capacity to survive—it would bring Ulster to her knees.

The Provisionals deny the charge of sectarian intent in where they place their bombings. "No operation has been carried out by units for sectarian reasons," said the spokesman when asked whether his movement was responsible for the explosion at the Mountain View Tavern on the Shankill Road when

18 Protestants were injured in the blast.

He refused at the same time to say whether his movement was actually responsible for placing the bomb. The manner in which the Provos have gathered intelligence on the activities of the UVF suggests that there might have been other than a sectarian reason for the explosion.

The Provisionals have not only been charged with being sectarian—usually by the official wing of the Republican movement—but they are also charged with being authoritarian and undemocratic in their outlook.

There is justice in this claim in that they do not draw their mandate from the Irish people and seem only answerable to themselves for their activities.

They say that the IRA in 1916 or at Solihedebeg had no mandate from the people either. They also state that they are the Army of the Republic in an unbroken line from 1916 and that they will go to the people when there is an opportunity for a 32-county election. Whether they would accept a majority decision of the people in such a situation on some point with which they disagreed is another matter.

They certainly do not regard themselves as subjects of Sinn Féin on political questions, which makes that body's claim to be the political arm of the movement something of an irony. "We are autonomous, Republican organisations," the spokesman said, "and we are prepared to work with any body with similar aims to ours. That is our relationship to Sinn Féin."

The Provisionals say their ultimate aim is the establishment of a 32-county Socialist democratic republic. Their campaign to achieve this is aimed at bringing down Stormont, forcing a direct confrontation with British imperialism until public opinion across the water forces a withdrawal and then seeking a UN plebiscite to decide the national question in which "we have no doubt about the outcome."

© Copyright

THE IRA Provisionals believe that their increasingly successful efforts towards bringing down Stormont are likely to excite a Protestant backlash. And they see Catholic families living in isolated areas as possible victims whom they can do nothing to help. They accept that there could be heavy casualties.

"For some time now we have been working on defensive as well as offensive plans," a senior spokesman for the movement told me, "and there is no doubt that in any area where we have units there will be an adequate defence of the nationalist population."

"There will be nationalist communities who could come under attack where we don't have units. If they don't take steps to defend themselves then they have only themselves to blame."

"With regard to isolated families, we accept that they are likely to suffer severely but I don't see how we can help. We just hope that common sense will prevail."

The Provisionals take a surprisingly poor view of the Protestant offensive capabilities given the Unionists' numerical superiority and the fact that they hold close to 90,000 of the 100,000 guns in the Northern community.

"You would get a large number who would attack a defenceless nationalist community as in August 1969. But I think that only a small minority would fight now," the spokesman said. "We took on the UVF in June, 1970 and we taught them a lesson in some hard defensive fighting. You'll notice that there has been no serious sectarian fighting since then."

The Provos believe there has been a change in the structure of the UVF in the year since that confrontation. Where the "Protestant extremists" formerly acted in a loose, unconnected way, they are now understood to be more closely organised with a central command of whom the Provos know certain leading members.

"But we think the majority of Protestants are hard-headed people and I believe

they will accept the inevitable. They will either take their part in a 32-county republic or leave the North altogether. We would prefer them to stay and I want to emphasise that they have nothing to fear in an all-Ireland republic. They would hold the balance of power after all and we could use the undoubted qualities that they do have."

The Provisionals' increasing confidence in the eventual achievement of their aims springs from their belief that they are getting the better of the British Army. There are a number of reasons why they hold this view.

"The IRA is stronger now than it has been at any time since the thirties" (which would give it a strength of around 10,000). "Since the split in December 1969—we prefer to call it a reorganisation—we've taken in a large amount of new members. As well as that a number of good people who were formerly members of the Republican movement have come back to us."

"In contrast to the 1956-62 campaign, we have far more support among the nationalist population. The British Army have helped us in this regard over the past two years by their violent action against the people. While we have our difficulties, naturally, we have a far more flexible policy now than we had in the past."

Like their predecessors in the War of Independence, the Provos believe that their success in the field of intelligence is a major factor in their holding and maintaining the initiative.

"Lack of information is hindering the British army. They are not getting the full picture of the RUC have been trying to buy information as well as trying to infiltrate our organisation. Although you don't talk about intelligence operations, I can tell you they haven't been successful."

The Provos are very pleased with the operation of their own intelligence service. The spokesman to whom I talked knew the accurate results of one recent British Army sweep before the RUC did, judging from their release of information to the press. He also claimed that his organisation

was aware of the presence of British Intelligence's former Aden Group in Belfast.

"These are an SAS group who carried out specialised assassinations in Aden against the two nationalist movements—FLOSY and the FLN—in order to promote a strike in the overall movement. They were very successful in that aim. Members of the group have been brought to Belfast to promote a similar situation between the Gouldingites and ourselves."

The Provos are determined to avoid this situation although they regard the official branch of the movement as a spent force. "They have practically no military forces outside of Dublin and Cork. The reason they are carrying out operations in the 26 counties like that in Tipperary is to prevent further disintegration of their membership. Even then they had to bring people from a different area into Tipperary in order to carry it out. You'll notice that the poor lad that died was from Cork."

Talk of the Belfast area being an autonomous com-

mand is discounted. "Just as with any other area or unit in the country, Belfast is subject to both the Army Council and the Chief of Staff who are in turn subject to the Constitution of the Army which lays down rules for election every two years."

Substitute leaders are known to exist for every important command position and every care has been taken to ensure that the chain of command will be maintained in spite of large scale arrests on either side of the border. Short of arrests on a massive scale, with an inevitable increase in protests, it is difficult to see how an interment policy can be used other than as an intermediate step in some long-drawn-out plan.

It will certainly not be a final solution.

The Provisionals still accept the concept of long-term campaigning. They are students of guerrilla campaigns elsewhere in the world and their current models are the Eoka campaign in Cyprus which lasted from 1955 to

1959 and the Jewish campaign in Palestine which lasted from the mid-forties until 1948. (Both hold a strong fascination for them. Indeed, when the prospect of a majority Protestant backlash was raised, the huge Arab attack on the small State of Israel in 1948 was pointed to as an example of what a numerically smaller but well-trained community can do to defeat itself effectively against attack.)

The Provisionals place great emphasis on training. They frown, for instance, on any of their members caught on riot charges and as a rule will avoid being involved in street disturbances although they admit that it might be necessary to start a riot for a particular purpose.

New members are being trained continuously and there are signs to some districts of the North that they have more members than they can use. A Provisional speaker at a recent meeting said that in his area members of the organisation were required to

IRA fighters have different images on the two sides of the border. Here JOSEPH MACANTHONY of the Dublin news magazine "This Week" examines Provisional claims and tactics as they appear in the South

Gun glory

IRA fighters have different images on the two sides of the border. Here JOSEPH MACANTHONY of the Dublin news magazine "This Week" examines Provisional claims and tactics as they appear in the South

WILLIAM DAVIS

Happy days

Bok lash

MISCELLANY

Two's company

Wheels right

Spion cop

Cover story

the road to...
If there are no gnomes of London pontificating on American television this weekend, there is no such thing as justice. We know what it feels like to be given an endorsement. We know how irritating it can be to have other nations pass moral judgment just because one's currency happens to be overvalued. And, of course, we know that Britain's recent performance in the Arab arena cannot be faulted.

The trade figures are splendid, the gold reserves have just shown the biggest rise for five years, we're repaying our debts ahead of time, the 1971 balance of payments looks like being extraordinarily good. And, starting this week, reached the highest point since devaluation. You can't do much better than that. Harold Wilson would have fainted with gratitude if he had been Premier.

It's a long time now since Britain was last called the sick man of Europe—or, indeed, since anyone last thought of asking a Gnome of Zurich for his opinion on British trade unions. Those so-called "Gnomes" of a few years ago have been reduced; we are "standing on our own feet."

One result—and very welcome it is too—is that we have stopped the orgy of self-flagellation which threatened to turn us all into nervous wrecks a few years ago. A lot of the things which not only changed our lives but also changed our minds have been changed by the fact that we are "standing on our own feet."

Some of Mr Heath's colleagues, if not the Prime Minister himself, would admit that we have made a considerable difference to morale. We don't need "Backing Britain" campaigns, by shorthand typists to hail us out any more.

The balance of payments will unquestionably face a substantial extra burden. But this need not necessarily spell disaster. Because we have struggled so long to get a surplus we are in danger of turning it into a shibboleth. The possibility of its disappearance fills us with dismay.

In fact, of course, there is nothing wrong with a deficit as such. It's the size of Mr Wilson's famous "inherited deficit" which caused so much bother. No one, as far as I know, has yet suggested that we shall end up with anything like that. If, moreover, the current monetary troubles lead to greater exchange rate flexibility, the whole balance of payments issue will become of less importance.

So let's relax a little, shall we?

WILLY BRANDT's Ostpolitik may succeed in relaxing tensions across the curtain, but it has barely denied the espionage business. The West German counter-espionage services uncovered 768 agents slouching for foreign powers in 1970, according to figures published this week. This was an increase of 3 per cent over 1969.

Four fifths of the spies came from East Germany. Next in the active list was Czechoslovakia, with 71 agents. And there was an alarming increase in the number of Rumanian agents, up from only four to 28. The Russians followed with 26. Only 15 of the identified

spies were voluntarily working for communist intelligence services. The rest were forced or blackmailed into it. This accounted for the low number of convictions: a mere 39 last year. But 57 per cent of the agents surrendered after an appeal by the Minister of the Interior, Hans-Dieter Genscher.

Not just South Africa either. Sam Cohen, a business tycoon in South-west Africa, is sponsoring a fund in the disputed territory. It could be an issue for the World Court yet.

Not only that, but the police's external performance is in sharp contrast with its dismal display at home. Devaluation, in 1967, may have laid the foundation of a balance of payments recovery, but it also marked the beginning of the most severe bout of inflation since the Second World War.

The Chancellor, of course, has helter-skelter tried to boost the economy. And the question inevitably being asked is whether, in the light of this and Britain's projected entry into the Common Market, the external improvement can last.

Mr Barber himself finds this question annoying. He thinks that economic commentators, who urged him to reflate and now wring their hands over something which may or may not happen, are an ungrateful bunch. I sympathise. In human terms alone, his boost was long overdue. It is intolerable that unemployment should be close to 800,000 at a time when our balance sheet shows remarkable strength. And it is wasteful to keep industry working well below capacity simply to get a still bigger surplus.

The balance of payments will unquestionably face a substantial extra burden. But this need not necessarily spell disaster. Because we have struggled so long to get a surplus we are in danger of turning it into a shibboleth. The possibility of its disappearance fills us with dismay.

In fact, of course, there is nothing wrong with a deficit as such. It's the size of Mr Wilson's famous "inherited deficit" which caused so much bother. No one, as far as I know, has yet suggested that we shall end up with anything like that. If, moreover, the current monetary troubles lead to greater exchange rate flexibility, the whole balance of payments issue will become of less importance.

So let's relax a little, shall we?

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

"Ink" welcomed it with open taste buds. Then an hour later Gerassi rang back. "Terribly sorry, but either the printers or the distributors will handle it. We shall have to paint in a black label."

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Take the industrial tribunals, which up to now have dealt with redundancy payments disputes, but will range henceforth over unfair dismissals and other complaints by injured individuals. The tribunals are manned by one union nominee, one employer nominee, and a lawyer chairman.

The unions are threatening to refuse to nominate their men. Miners have argued all along that this wouldn't matter too much. At a pinch, the tribunals have been able to operate before with only two members—the chairman and another. If the unions insisted on being bolshie, the Government would answer in kind.

But Carr's officials have been looking aghast at the small print. They find that any worker can refuse to appear before a two-man tribunal, if he feels that it could be biased against him. A tribunal without a union nominee would fall within the precedents. So the unions can paralyse the tribunals after all—as long as their injured members will let them.

PRESUMABLY it was only to be expected. The "Jewish Chronicle" gave an unfavourable review yesterday to "Pork," Andy Warhol's new play of the Round House.

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

"Ink" welcomed it with open taste buds. Then an hour later Gerassi rang back. "Terribly sorry, but either the printers or the distributors will handle it. We shall have to paint in a black label."

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Take the industrial tribunals, which up to now have dealt with redundancy payments disputes, but will range henceforth over unfair dismissals and other complaints by injured individuals. The tribunals are manned by one union nominee, one employer nominee, and a lawyer chairman.

The unions are threatening to refuse to nominate their men. Miners have argued all along that this wouldn't matter too much. At a pinch, the tribunals have been able to operate before with only two members—the chairman and another. If the unions insisted on being bolshie, the Government would answer in kind.

But Carr's officials have been looking aghast at the small print. They find that any worker can refuse to appear before a two-man tribunal, if he feels that it could be biased against him. A tribunal without a union nominee would fall within the precedents. So the unions can paralyse the tribunals after all—as long as their injured members will let them.

PRESUMABLY it was only to be expected. The "Jewish Chronicle" gave an unfavourable review yesterday to "Pork," Andy Warhol's new play of the Round House.

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

"Ink" welcomed it with open taste buds. Then an hour later Gerassi rang back. "Terribly sorry, but either the printers or the distributors will handle it. We shall have to paint in a black label."

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Take the industrial tribunals, which up to now have dealt with redundancy payments disputes, but will range henceforth over unfair dismissals and other complaints by injured individuals. The tribunals are manned by one union nominee, one employer nominee, and a lawyer chairman.

The unions are threatening to refuse to nominate their men. Miners have argued all along that this wouldn't matter too much. At a pinch, the tribunals have been able to operate before with only two members—the chairman and another. If the unions insisted on being bolshie, the Government would answer in kind.

But Carr's officials have been looking aghast at the small print. They find that any worker can refuse to appear before a two-man tribunal, if he feels that it could be biased against him. A tribunal without a union nominee would fall within the precedents. So the unions can paralyse the tribunals after all—as long as their injured members will let them.

PRESUMABLY it was only to be expected. The "Jewish Chronicle" gave an unfavourable review yesterday to "Pork," Andy Warhol's new play of the Round House.

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

"Ink" welcomed it with open taste buds. Then an hour later Gerassi rang back. "Terribly sorry, but either the printers or the distributors will handle it. We shall have to paint in a black label."

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Take the industrial tribunals, which up to now have dealt with redundancy payments disputes, but will range henceforth over unfair dismissals and other complaints by injured individuals. The tribunals are manned by one union nominee, one employer nominee, and a lawyer chairman.

The unions are threatening to refuse to nominate their men. Miners have argued all along that this wouldn't matter too much. At a pinch, the tribunals have been able to operate before with only two members—the chairman and another. If the unions insisted on being bolshie, the Government would answer in kind.

But Carr's officials have been looking aghast at the small print. They find that any worker can refuse to appear before a two-man tribunal, if he feels that it could be biased against him. A tribunal without a union nominee would fall within the precedents. So the unions can paralyse the tribunals after all—as long as their injured members will let them.

PRESUMABLY it was only to be expected. The "Jewish Chronicle" gave an unfavourable review yesterday to "Pork," Andy Warhol's new play of the Round House.

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

"Ink" welcomed it with open taste buds. Then an hour later Gerassi rang back. "Terribly sorry, but either the printers or the distributors will handle it. We shall have to paint in a black label."

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Take the industrial tribunals, which up to now have dealt with redundancy payments disputes, but will range henceforth over unfair dismissals and other complaints by injured individuals. The tribunals are manned by one union nominee, one employer nominee, and a lawyer chairman.

The unions are threatening to refuse to nominate their men. Miners have argued all along that this wouldn't matter too much. At a pinch, the tribunals have been able to operate before with only two members—the chairman and another. If the unions insisted on being bolshie, the Government would answer in kind.

But Carr's officials have been looking aghast at the small print. They find that any worker can refuse to appear before a two-man tribunal, if he feels that it could be biased against him. A tribunal without a union nominee would fall within the precedents. So the unions can paralyse the tribunals after all—as long as their injured members will let them.

PRESUMABLY it was only to be expected. The "Jewish Chronicle" gave an unfavourable review yesterday to "Pork," Andy Warhol's new play of the Round House.

the road to...
If there are no gnomes of London pontificating on American television this weekend, there is no such thing as justice. We know what it feels like to be given an endorsement. We know how irritating it can be to have other nations pass moral judgment just because one's currency happens to be overvalued. And, of course, we know that Britain's recent performance in the Arab arena cannot be faulted.

WILLY BRANDT's Ostpolitik may succeed in relaxing tensions across the curtain, but it has barely denied the espionage business. The West German counter-espionage services uncovered 768 agents slouching for foreign powers in 1970, according to figures published this week. This was an increase of 3 per cent over 1969.

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

Two's company

GUERRILLA warfare (trade union division) has not ended now that Robert Carr's Industrial Relations Act has stormed the statute book. Only the battlefield has changed. And the risks to the fighters.

Wheels right

THE ARMY has been scouring territorial army armoured units for obsolete Ferret scout cars to use in Northern Ireland. Most of the Regular Army's armoured car regiments now use tracked vehicles, but someone somewhere evidently feared that using such vehicles in the streets of Belfast would provoke emotive claims that the British were bringing in tanks.

Spion cop

WILLY BRANDT's Ostpolitik may succeed in relaxing tensions across the curtain, but it has barely denied the espionage business. The West German counter-espionage services uncovered 768 agents slouching for foreign powers in 1970, according to figures published this week. This was an increase of 3 per cent over 1969.

Cover story

"INK" sister of "OZ" is producing a special issue on repression, inspired by memories of the Old Bailey and out next Monday. John Gerassi, the revolutionary American guest editor, commissioned Richard Yeeed to

design an appropriate cover. No holds barred.

Yeeed decided that the most repressive mao in Britain was the Home Secretary. So he drew a gross and naked Reginald Manning, transcribing and watering a squashed Jobo Bull.

SPORTS GUARDIAN

TELEVISION SUMMARY

Instant Blue for a quick dividend

BY SIMON CHANNON

The Geoffrey Greer Stakes, the day's richest prize, is one of the two races BBC are showing from Newbury. ITV are at Wolverhampton for the first four contests and Ripon for the first three including the Great St Wilfred Handicap.

WOLVERHAMPTON (ITV)
1.30 (7): Instant Blue, ridden by Paul Cook, looks the day's best bet. He has been second in his three latest races, most recently running Carrose, who is held in high esteem by his connections, to a length and a half over this course and distance. Samio, third to Avon Valley and Supreme Red at Folkestone early in June, appears the pick of the remainder.

2.0 (51): Fabulous Beauty, twice a winner as a two-year-old, showed something close to her best form when third to Most Secret at Ayr last time out and will take plenty of backing off 12.12lb. The consistent Money-master may take second place.

3.0 (1m 25yds): Gloucester, third to Fairfax and winner of the Gold Trophy at Redcar last month, may defy top-weight, Centile, tipped by B. Major at Nottingham, to take the lead in the 10th penalty, but I prefer Montano Storm, who ran away with a good seller at Goodwood in May. He has not been out since but I understand he has improved considerably in the meantime.

RIPON (ITV)
1.45 (8): Grimston Beau, second to Gemini Boy at Newbury last week, seems the pick of this poor bunch.

2.15 (2m): Cessall scored a comfortable victory over Scorio in the Goodwood Extension time trial and in spite of his 5lb dis-

advantage I expect him to confirm his superiority. Pillage, successful on his two latest outings, may close while Flying Doctor, who ran a sound race to be fifth to Fairfax at Redcar last month, is another with a chance.

2.45 (18f): Happy Memory should complete the four-timer. She only came home from Robbo at Thirsk last time out, but she was very slow into her stride and had to challenge from some way back. Sallynockan, second to Apollo Nine in the Spillers' Stewards' Cup, is an obvious danger, though the ground may not be fast enough for him to run up to his best form.

NEWBURY (BBC)
2.30 (1m 5f 60yds): With Joe Mearns unavailable, Jimmy comes in for the mount on High Loe, who is expected to lead this valuable prize for the second year running. He holds Ransom, Shot and Hornet on this season's form, while Politico, who suffered severe training setbacks in the spring, may not be the force he was.

3.0 (5f): Gallo Gallante, a close third to Snow Girl at Newmarket recently, looks the pick of the handicap. He won this race 12 months ago yet carries 11lb less than the time-handicapped Trillium at Ascot last month, appears to hold Hilldown on that form, and should close while Paces, who possesses tremendous early pace, is not out of it in spite of top-weight of 10st.

Australian jockey, George Moore, wants to settle down in France. Moore says: "I am having a second visit. He has had several mounts at Deauville and is due to ride of the Curragh today. Faddy Prendergast has booked Slakes, in which Helen of Troy's poor performance was completely

Five winners out of six

Guardian selections had a bumper day at Newbury, winning five of the six events—National Park (5-2), Jakomima (Nap 5-1), Calshot Light (5-4), Welsh Pageant (10-1) and Joey (3-1). The only loser was Nantar, who finished third at 9-4.

Lester's effort to foil Lewis

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

No one could wish to see a better race than the finish of the Hungerford Stakes at Newbury yesterday. Two superb horses in Welsh Pageant and Joshua, ridden perfectly by Geoff Lewis and Lester Piggott, fought out the final furlong with little between them. Welsh Pageant won by a head but if I owned Joshua I would not be disappointed.

To have owned and owned a horse only 4lb behind Welsh Pageant on the form book is a feat of which anyone is entitled to be proud, and his performance is a great compliment to his trainer, Alec Kerr, and to Geoffrey Rickman, at whose small stud he was bred.

Lester Piggott was at his brilliant best, nursing Joshua in an effort to snuff the race by outspeeding his rival in the 100 yards but just as his tactics appeared likely to pay off Lewis found that little bit extra from Welsh Pageant which meant as much in the end as the extra mile of his very best. The champion sprinter, Redm, finished third but could not compete in the final stages against such superior rivals.

After Jakomima had run out and the last of the Spauldys, Slakes, in which Helen of Troy's poor performance was completely

out of keeping with that of her half-brother, Joshua, it was not surprising to find Joey beating Politico in the St Hugh's Stakes. When they ran in the same race at Ascot last time out, Joey finished a long way to front of Jakomima.

It was disappointing to learn yesterday that Dick Bern cannot run his Prince in tomorrow's Prix Morny because of a burn on the forehead.

However, Dick is considering the possibility of having a burn on the forehead, which would be a great advantage in the Queen's colt, Charlton, with top weight in the Ebor Handicap next Wednesday. A final decision will be made tomorrow.

Charlton has not yet appeared in the ante-post books on the race. Meanwhile, a number of the more polished have been their fingers with the withdrawal of Weatherbird.

Curiously enough, today's programme at Newbury will not be over until 5.15, which is a very well above the usual Friday fare. High Line will have the ground he likes in an effort to give more of a run for his money in the second year running.

Over this distance he should give 5lb to Ransom Shot, who might do better over two miles. One more Pollio will be fancied following Noel Murless's two victories yesterday with Welsh Pageant and Calshot Light. The stable is back in form but Pollio was a long way behind last time out.

When High Top won at Sandown in July he put up a very impressive performance for he did not look fully trained. He has some smart opposition to beat in the Hungerford Stakes for, like him, Foot Positive and Square Rigger have both won High Top must be the selection because his stable are in such great form and he held so much scope for improvement.

Bellynockan, whose race at Nottingham on Tuesday was abandoned, goes on for the Great St Wilfred Handicap at Ripon. Connections will be quite satisfied to take this prize with £4,000 added, for it is double the value of the Nottingham race.

At Wolverhampton, Gloucester and Hard Slipper, who have both been taken out of next Wednesday's Ebor Handicap, appear the probable contenders in a four-horse race for the Brew XI Trophy Handicap. Gloucester is the choice.

In the following event, into one of the best of the season, the 1000 Guineas, the weight of 7st 10lb, John Lowe claims 3lb on top of this and he can just about do it. If this race was over seven furlongs or a mile into Orbit would appear a handicap good thing. Over five furlongs and 100 yards it may be a bit tight, but if it is a mile, he will be able to give him the weight.

RICHARD BAERLEIN'S SELECTIONS—Nap: HIGH TOP (3.30). Next bet: HIGH LINE (2.30), both at Newbury.

SELECTIONS

1 30 INSTANT BLUE (nap) 3 30 Laleham
2 00 Fabulous Beauty 4 00 Lover's Leap
3 00 Gloucester 4 00 Queen's Fantasy
4 00 Mearns Storm 5 00 Weppers Gold

5 11 0000 Square Feet Harwood 8-11 P. Waldron
6 11 0000 Cactus Flower (8f) E. Connors 8-8
7 11 0000 Chante Town 8-11 P. Waldron
8 11 0000 Fanny T. Wilson 8-8 P. Waldron
9 11 0000 Heather's Mavis 8-8 P. Waldron
10 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
11 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
12 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
13 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
14 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
15 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
16 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
17 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
18 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
19 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
20 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

21 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
22 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
23 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
24 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
25 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
26 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
27 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
28 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
29 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
30 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

31 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
32 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
33 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
34 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
35 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
36 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
37 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
38 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
39 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
40 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

41 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
42 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
43 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
44 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
45 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
46 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
47 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
48 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
49 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
50 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

51 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
52 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
53 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
54 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
55 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
56 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
57 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
58 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
59 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
60 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

61 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
62 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
63 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
64 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
65 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
66 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
67 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
68 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
69 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
70 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

71 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
72 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
73 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
74 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
75 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
76 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
77 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
78 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
79 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
80 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

81 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
82 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
83 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
84 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
85 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
86 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
87 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
88 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
89 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
90 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

91 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
92 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
93 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
94 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
95 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
96 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
97 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
98 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
99 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
100 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

101 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
102 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
103 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
104 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
105 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
106 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
107 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
108 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
109 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
110 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

111 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
112 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
113 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
114 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
115 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
116 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
117 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
118 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
119 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
120 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

121 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
122 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
123 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
124 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
125 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
126 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
127 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
128 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
129 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
130 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

131 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
132 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
133 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
134 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
135 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
136 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
137 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
138 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
139 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
140 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

141 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
142 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
143 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
144 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
145 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
146 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
147 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
148 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
149 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
150 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

151 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
152 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
153 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
154 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
155 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
156 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
157 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
158 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
159 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
160 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

161 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
162 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
163 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
164 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
165 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
166 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
167 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
168 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
169 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
170 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

171 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
172 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
173 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
174 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
175 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
176 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
177 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
178 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
179 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
180 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

181 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
182 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
183 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
184 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
185 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
186 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
187 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
188 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
189 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
190 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

191 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
192 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
193 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
194 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
195 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
196 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
197 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
198 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
199 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron
200 11 0000 Hatched Cock 8-8 P. Waldron

Wolverhampton

5 COURSE POINTERS: There is no advantage to the four-year-old in the leading position, followed by the three-year-old, and the two-year-old. The four-year-old, who has a good record at Ripon, rides here instead of at the Yorkshire course.

TOTE DOUBLE: 2.30 & 3.30. TREBLE: 2.30, 3.0 & 4.0. GOING: Good to soft.

1.00—SUNSHINE COACH MAJOR STAKES: 2-Y-O: 11m 25yds. Winner £250 (13 runners).
1 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
2 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
3 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
4 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
5 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
6 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
7 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
8 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
9 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
10 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
11 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
12 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
13 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
14 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
15 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
16 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
17 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
18 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
19 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
20 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

21 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
22 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
23 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
24 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
25 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
26 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
27 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
28 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
29 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
30 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

31 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
32 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
33 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
34 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
35 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
36 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
37 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
38 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
39 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
40 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

41 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
42 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
43 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
44 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
45 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
46 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
47 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
48 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
49 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
50 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

51 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
52 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
53 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
54 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
55 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
56 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
57 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
58 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
59 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
60 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

61 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
62 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
63 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
64 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
65 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
66 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
67 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
68 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
69 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
70 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

71 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
72 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
73 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
74 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
75 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
76 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
77 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
78 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
79 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
80 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

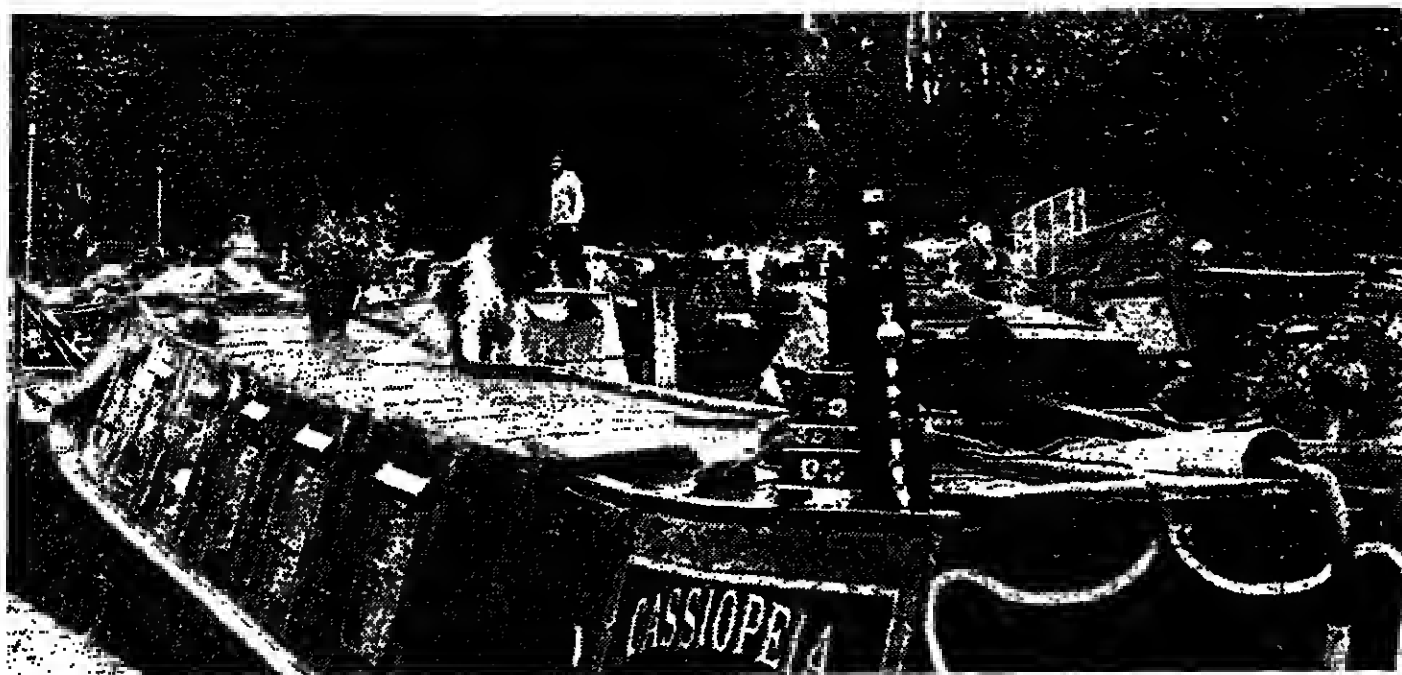
81 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
82 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
83 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
84 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
85 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
86 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
87 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
88 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
89 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
90 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

91 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
92 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
93 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
94 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
95 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
96 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
97 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
98 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
99 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
100 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

101 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
102 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
103 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
104 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
105 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
106 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
107 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
108 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
109 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
110 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

111 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
112 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
113 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
114 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
115 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
116 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
117 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
118 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
119 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
120 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11

121 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
122 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
123 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
124 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
125 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
126 10 00000 Silbury Ash (W. Marshall) 8-11
127



Hardly room to move at the national rally of boats at Northampton yesterday. Right: the Cambridge crew leaving in their race against Oxford.

New pay row threatens Tyne yards

The Swan Hunter shipbuilding group is threatened by a further pay dispute, after settling a two-week strike by nearly 3,000 ancillary workers yesterday. Reports last night said that some of the 3,850 boilermakers at the Tyne yards want work sanctions when they return on Monday after their lay-off.

The boilermakers are demanding a £2 a week rise to restore their position as the top-paid craftsmen in the consortium, a position they lost because of new pay settlements to other trades. Shop stewards have asked Mr Dan McGarvey, president of the Boilermakers' Society, to negotiate with senior management.

Deadlock in Rolls dispute

By GEOFFREY WHITELEY, Northern Labour Correspondent

Talks between engineering union leaders and the management of the Rolls-Royce plant at Parkside, Coventry, about new wages structures for 2,000 workers, reached deadlock yesterday. The negotiations held in York put to the test, for the first time, the union's determination to resist replacement of the Coventry toolroom agreement by a new type of plant pay deal.

Nine hundred of the 2,000 Rolls-Royce workers at Coventry are covered by the agreement under which the wages of toolroom employees are adjusted monthly according to the earnings of all production workers in the area.

The employers want to abolish the agreement for straightforward plant bargaining but shop stewards are campaigning for its retention because they fear that toolroom workers' earnings will suffer if the agreement goes. Their campaign is backed by the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers.

Engineering shop stewards in the Coventry area are to decide again next week to decide whether to extend their militant action — possibly to include selective strikes without warning because of the employers refusing to operate the agreement after this month.

The company's proposals were rejected and the talks ended in a formal failure to agree. Technically, this leaves the management free to impose the new structure though it may be inclined to hesitate in the indomitable situation now developing.

Day workers at British Leyland's car assembly plants at Cowley yesterday accepted the company's new pay proposals by a clear majority.

Top skilled workers will now receive £40.60 for a 40-hour week and skilled "B" grade men £36.60. Most day workers are in two lower grades where the rates are £34.40 and £30.80 respectively.

Jenkins fails

Mr Clive Jenkins, general secretary of the Association of Scientific, Technical, and Managerial Staffs, failed yesterday to get a High Court injunction to prevent the distribution of the Post Office's pamphlet on the Common Market, "Britain and Europe".

The vacation judge, Mr Justice Griffiths, said that Mr Jenkins had no legal standing to enable him to obtain the injunction. "Mr Jenkins is in no different a position to any other member of the public," said the judge. "He can be neither more nor less affected by the distribution of the pamphlet than the rest of us."

The judge said that even if Mr Jenkins could have satisfied the court that he had the necessary legal standing, the application would still have been refused. He rejected Mr Jenkins' argument that the Central Office of Information, in printing and publishing more than three and a half million pamphlets, had exceeded its powers.

Mr Jenkins had sought to prevent continued distribution pending action by the Attorney-General and the Post Office for declarations that the printing, publishing, and distribution of the pamphlet was unlawful.

Mr Justice Griffiths, giving a reserved judgment, said the Post Office was charging £20,000 for distributing the pamphlet. Out of that he hoped to make a profit. The pamphlet was a fair summary of the Government's White Paper on the Common Market and contained a powerful argument for Britain's entry.

Of Mr Jenkins' claim that the pamphlet was so partisan that its distribution at public expense was an abuse of Government powers, the judge said: "If Mr Jenkins wishes to pursue that point he must do so through Parliamentary channels. He cannot do so through the courts."

After the hearing Mr Jenkins said his executive council would consider whether to continue with the action.

Leader comment, page 8

THE Oxford and Cambridge Waterways Race is set for a thrilling finish in Northampton today.

Each crew—in a coxed Clinker Four—set out from its own university last Monday. For Oxford it meant a 103-mile row with 36 locks for Cambridge 126 miles and 44 locks.

They row the last 12 miles and 12 locks from Wellingborough to Northampton today, then there will be a short race of a mile or so at the Inland Waterways Association's national rally.

Each crew has been rowing in a timetable, losing a point for every minute it falls

Oar or nothing for the Blues

behind. So few points separate the two crews that the final race in Northampton will be the decider. It has been a gruelling race—carrying the boats past locks over muddy, soggy ground. The Cambridge crew

at all—"you just shove it in the reeds and yank," one of the crew explained.

Oxford's setbacks have been a collision with a bridge on the first day, a broken oar on the second, and an encounter on Thursday with a score of MPs on a narrow boat. This led to an excellent lunch which delayed the crew's progress.

Only one true Blue cox has been involved. Graham Hughes, cox and president of the Cambridge crew for two years, has been working the

Oliver Pritchett

Troops claim victory

continued from page one

The Civil Rights Association that a substantial number are minor left-wing activists, and in effect a kind of IRA equivalent of the British Legion—middle-aged and elderly men who were interned for their part in past campaigns. Sometimes 30 or 35 years ago. One example is Mr Frank McGlade, aged 70, who has a grudge.

Intimidation Thousands of families feel at any rate that they are not safe remaining in their homes. Brigadier Tickell said that people should not have left them and would have been safely kept in barracks. Asked why 300 homes had been allowed to blaze on Monday night, he made the point that they were all within one moderately small area. He added: "We cannot personally guard every house in Belfast. Over the past few days we were not guarding every house in a particular way." It is just because houses could not be guarded in a particular way that the refugees moved out, and right or wrongly Belfast Catholics and Protestants now believe that the army is incapable of giving them complete protection.

Protestant backlash. The army has not released any reports of fire from Protestant districts and Brigadier Tickell said that he had not heard of any, although officers of the 2nd Parachute Regiment claim to have shot five Protestants who were taking part to sniping. The brigadier made the point that it was not always possible to tell where shots were being fired from, but the evidence of bullet holes in the Maynard Park and Clonard areas in particular make it plain that many rounds have been fired from Protestant streets and that a number of fierce shooting bouts have occurred.

The Tyne district committee of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions will meet on Tuesday to discuss an approach to a common negotiating policy for shipyard workers. But it is understood that the boilermakers, the highest paid shipyard workers, are still unwilling to take part in common negotiations.

Without their cooperation the confederation will have little chance of preventing disputes over pay differences.

Vickers' submarine shipyard at Barrow-on-Furness is also on the brink of major industrial strife. Mr Bob Proudfoot, Barrow district delegate of the Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers, said yesterday, after talks had failed to end a dispute over the redundancy of 12 workers.

Earlier a meeting of boilermakers had postponed a decision on "direct industrial action" pending the outcome of the talks.

A meeting of boilermakers is to be called for next Tuesday.

IRA leader braves troops to meet the press

By DEREK BROWN

The man believed to be the head of the Provisional wing of the IRA gave a press conference in Belfast yesterday. Mr Joe Cahill, one of the men who escaped the army searches in Sunday night, and who is one of the most wanted men in Northern Ireland, told reporters that the IRA had lost only 30 men because of internment. "It was only a piphuck," and that the army had killed only two of his men in the subsequent battles.

Mr Cahill held his conference at Ballymurphy, the scene of some of the most savage fighting on Monday night, in St Peter's secondary school. He appeared in front of about 50 reporters and photographers, wearing an overcoat and cloth cap, and was accompanied by a Republican Labour MP at Stormont, Mr Paddy Kennedy, and two Republican Labour city councillors, one of whom is a member of the police authority.

Mr John Kelly, a former chairman of the Belfast Citizens' Defence Committee, and one of the four men acquitted at the Dublin arms trial earlier this year, was also at the press conference. The conference was called by Mr Kennedy, but there was no indication that an IRA leader would be present until Mr Cahill made his appearance.

Mr Cahill said the army had failed to get near the leading members of the IRA during the searches on Sunday night and Monday morning. He said the movement still had plenty of guns, but was running short of ammunition.

The conference was given a

Army in prison

The army has taken over Castledillon open prison, near Armagh, because of shortage of accommodation for troops in Ulster.

Dublin's tough line

continued from page one

Monasteries, convents, schools, hospitals, and private households were said yesterday to have come to the rescue of the Government, and an army spokesman described the response to its call for assistance from the civilian population as massive and immediate.

"It has been fantastic," he said. "The people of Ireland have really opened their hearts and doors to the refugees."

Meanwhile, the refugee problem continues. Figures are unreliable, because of the variety of arrangements being made, but it would appear that the refugees reached a peak of around 9,000, with something like 5,000 in the care of the army at eight camps.

STOP PRESS

THE WEATHER

AROUND THE WORLD

(Lunch-time reports)

Reports for the period ended 5 p.m. yesterday:

Ship's temp. Rain temp. Wind direction. Wind speed. Weather.

East Coast

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

South Coast

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

North Coast

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

West Coast

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Central

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

South

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

North

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

East

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

West

London 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Edinburgh 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Glasgow 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Belfast 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Cardiff 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Birmingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Manchester 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Nottingham 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Leeds 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Sheffield 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Liverpool 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1

Newcastle 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1 10.1